EDWARDS

MEMORIAL

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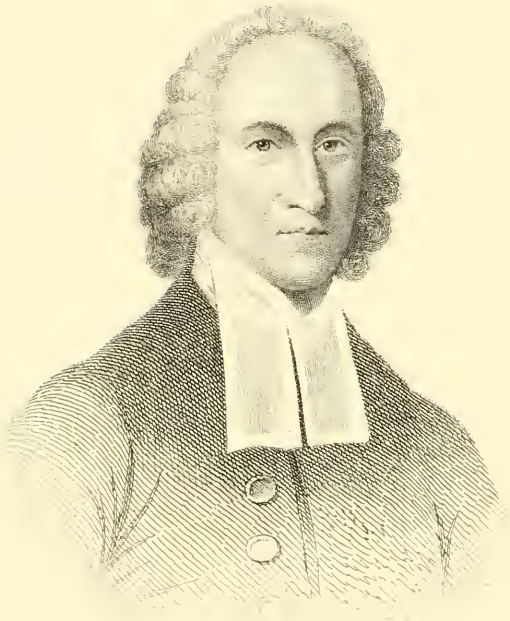

Jonathan Edwards.

THE

MEMORIAL VOLUME

OF THE

EDWARDS FAMILY MEETING

AT

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,

SEPTEMBER 6–7, A.D. 1870.

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INTRODUCTORY.

RESPECT for the dead is an instinct of human nature. It is this principle that builds the stately mausoleum, beautifies the costly cemetery, and enshrines the great and the good in the memory of successive ages. It is the same principle that induces the posterity of revered ancestors to gather in places made precious by their presence in times long past.

To a mind properly constituted, argument to justify such action is superfluous. The North-American Indian, as he was at the discovery of this country, presents the best type the world has ever seen of human nature in its instinctive developments. Indifference to the graves of his ancestors was a state of mind to which he was a stranger. The burial-places of his tribe were visited with an intensity of reverent emotion inferior only to that evoked by the thought of the Great Spirit.

If such a sentiment be in harmony with our constitution, the gathering, once in a hundred years, of a family that has become numerous from a common stock, — especially if that stock be illustrious, — is one of the most natural sequences in human affairs. The infrequency of such assemblages is more a matter of surprise than their frequent recurrence.

In conformity with this common instinct of our nature, there has been, in the breasts of the representatives of two generations, a desire to see a re-union of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Such a re-union was actualized last September, at Stockbridge. That it met a widespread want, the number of those present, their representative character, the distance from which some of them came, and the interest which all manifested in the occasion, are ample proofs. It is believed that the number of those who were unable to attend, and who regarded their inability as a privation, was far in excess of those who were present. Numerous letters, by way of apology for absence, have been received, some before and some since the meeting, all regretful, and all expressive of a deep interest in the object of the meeting.

These letters cannot be introduced into this volume. There is one, however, that was designed to come before the meeting, but failed of its design. It may properly be inserted here.

It consists of a message from Mrs. Mary Edwards Whiting of Binghamton, N.Y., now more than ninety years of age, and the only living representative of the grandchildren of Jonathan Edwards. Here is

THE MESSAGE.

She wished to say that God had fulfilled to her and hers the *covenant* which he made with her grandfather, even as he did his covenant with Abraham. She wants all her grandfather's descendants to study *more*, and put greater faith *in*, that covenant. She wishes to bear her testimony at that meeting to God's covenant faithfulness and to his covenant mercies to her and hers; that all her children and children-in-law, and nearly all her grandchildren and great-grandchildren (in all about seventy souls), are professors of religion, and, she thinks, bear some fruit.

She feels that these are covenant blessings sent in fulfilment of the covenant which God made with her grandfather Jonathan and her father Timothy, not only for themselves, but for their seed after them. She longs to have her children appear there [at the meeting at Stockbridge] to renew the covenant their forefathers made with God, even as Israel was commanded to appear before God with their tribes.

This message is worthy to be pondered by every descendant, and furnishes evidence of the light in which this aged saint looked at this gathering of the posterity of her venerated ancestor. It derives spe-

cial interest from the fact, that it is the utterance of one whose relation to the representative head of the family is a generation in advance of any one now living ; that it is a message from one whom age has placed, as it were, on the confines of two worlds ; and that, as "a mother in Israel," she speaks to a posterity of her own, quite as numerous as the patriarch took with him into Egypt.

The *origin* of the meeting requires a brief statement.

One of the Andover professors, some three or four years ago, was at the house of a friend in Auburndale. In the course of the interview, the idea of a meeting of the family was discussed. The execution of this idea was regarded as entirely feasible. It was arranged that they together, at some future time, would visit New Haven, and confer with Pres. Woolsey and other members of the family there. This was done in the course of a few months ; and the project received the indorsement of all who were consulted. Pres. Woolsey, as a leading representative of the family, was requested to make the Memorial Address whenever the meeting should be held. This, after some deliberation, he consented to do.

With this auspicious *beginning*, the *work*, according to the Latin poet, was regarded as *half done.*

The next point of importance to be determined was the place for the family gathering. Northampton

and Stockbridge were both memorably associated with the name of Edwards. With the former he had identified himself as a spiritual builder of the Church of God; with the latter, as the foremost metaphysician of the ages.

Most who were consulted were in favor of Northampton. Accordingly, some half-dozen gentlemen, representing the most numerous branches of the family, met there by concert, and conferred with each other and with a number of the citizens. No definite conclusion was reached.

From this time, for eighteen months, the enterprise *hastened* slowly. Some of the parties from whom efficient aid was anticipated were abroad; the idea of a monument, as an element in the celebration, began to claim attention; the place of meeting was still a vexed question; and either from lack of enthusiasm, or some other reason, it was difficult to find one to engineer the enterprise.

There were some, however, that were unwilling to have the project of a meeting fail. They resolved upon an advance movement.

As it seemed unadvisable to hold the meeting in Northampton, attention was turned to Stockbridge. A letter was received from Rev. Dr. H. M. Field of New York, who has his summer home there, expressive of his own and his brother's interest in such a meeting.

Encouraged by these expressions, a correspondence was opened with some of the leading citizens of Stockbridge, who gave to the proposed meeting their most prompt and hearty indorsement. We were invited to come, and were assured that their homes and their hearts should be alike open to us; and never was assurance made more sure. The cordial and affluent hospitality of the people of Stockbridge will never fade from the memory of those to whom it was so courteously extended.

The preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily arranged, the following circular, inviting a "gathering of the tribes," was issued early in July, 1870:—

CIRCULAR.

To the Descendants of Jonathan Edwards.

The descendants of JONATHAN EDWARDS propose to hold a family re-union at Stockbridge, Mass., on the first Tuesday and Wednesday of September, 1870.

It would seem not less an act of piety toward the illustrious dead than a measure of fraternal regard for each other on the part of the living to inaugurate such a re-union.

The undersigned, in behalf of the family, do hereby invite all the posterity of JONATHAN EDWARDS to assemble at Stockbridge on Tuesday, the 6th of September, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the Congregational Church.

A scheme of exercises, literary and social, has been arranged for the two days. The descendants in every part of the country, who

propose to be present, will report their names and post-office address to Rev. E. C. Hooker, Stockbridge, Mass., who will present each name to the Committee of Entertainment.

COMMITTEE.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY, New Haven, Conn.
HENRY EDWARDS, Boston, Mass.
JONATHAN EDWARDS WOODBRIDGE, Auburndale, Mass.
JOSEPH WOODBRIDGE EDWARDS, Marquette, Mich.
BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE DWIGHT, Clinton, N.Y.
JONATHAN EDWARDS, Jun., New Haven, Conn.
WILLIAM EDWARDS PARK, Lawrence, Mass.
ELIAS CORNELIUS HOOKER, Stockbridge, Mass.

In accordance with the above circular, the meeting was held at the time and place appointed.

The exercises of the two days were continued with unabated interest to the end. What these exercises were will appear in the sequel. That they were of a very high order, in the main, may be inferred from the character of the men who took part in them, and from the full attendance to the close. Large numbers were present from the neighboring towns and the remote parts of the county. The hospitality of the people was adequate to every exigency. Under the spacious tent of Yale College, which was kindly furnished for the occasion, and which was spread near the church, liberal entertainment was provided for all between the morning and afternoon exercises. The weather was well-nigh perfect. In

this the favor of a benignant Providence was recognized. The harmony, also, which characterized the proceedings, furnishes occasion for gratitude to God.

The unanimity with which the meeting voted to erect a monument must be regarded as significant.

The expediency of this action seems to demand something more than a mere passing notice.

The remark has often been made, "Jonathan Edwards needs no monument."

Here is a man, who, by the unanimous verdict of two hemispheres (and rendered by the most competent tribunal), is pronounced the foremost pure intellect of his time; and, some hesitate not to say, of all time. And his posterity of the fourth and fifth generations come together to honor his memory, on the spot where, more than a hundred years ago, he labored as a humble and self-denying missionary, and told to the poor Indians the story of the cross; and at the same time prepared for his generation, yea, for all generations, those masterpieces of human thought, that have received the unqualified sanction of the realm of mind.

Now, is it a thing to be wondered at, that his descendants, at such a time and in such a place, in the fulness of their filial emotion, should conclude to raise a monument, to testify the sincerity of their regard, and to remind their own children of the precious

legacy they enjoy, when, in future times, they shall visit this consecrated spot ?

While looking at the expediency of such a measure, it should be kept in mind, that there exists nowhere, to our knowledge, any material memorial of Jonathan Edwards, except a plain slab covering his remains in the graveyard of Princeton, N. J. It would seem, therefore, a duty to raise in his native New England some enduring monument, to remind the traveller, in a distant age, alike of the virtues of the man and the piety of his race.

It is hoped that such a monument will be raised : that it should stand in Stockbridge is so manifest as to need no discussion ; and that it should be built by his children, and consecrated by their prayers, few will deny.

Let God be praised that he raised up such a man, and endowed him with such wealth of intellect as made him the acknowledged master of theological thought for the world ; that he clothed him with such affluence of holiness as enabled him to put in motion a train of reviving influences for the Church, which shall never cease ; and that he inspired him with such zeal for truth, that he hesitated not to assail the high places of error in doctrine and in practice, and, with his colossal enginery, to lay them level with the dust.

His influence is a precious gift to the world : may

it be enjoyed so long as the sun and the moon shall endure! His memory is a precious legacy to his descendants: may they, by their piety, prove themselves worthy of it to the latest generation!

J. E. WOODBRIDGE.

EDWARDS ARMS

As verified at the Heraldry Office, London.

EDWARDS MEMORIAL.

THE family, with the citizens and strangers, having convened in the Congregational Church at Stockbridge about ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, Sept. 6, Henry Edwards, Esq., of Boston, rose, and made a motion that the meeting be organized by the appointment of the Hon. J. W. Edwards of Marquette, Mich., as president; and the Rev. J. E. Woodbridge of Auburndale, Mass., as vice-president.

The president, on taking the chair, made the following

REMARKS.

More than a hundred and twelve years have gone by since these grounds were last trodden by Jonathan Edwards; and now this goodly company of his posterity gather, from all places whither we have scattered, to the old homestead.

We come from all professions and pursuits, we come from positions of varied influence and usefulness (inheriting in large measure the blessings of

our father's God), to celebrate in fraternal and Christian fellowship his virtues and his graces.

And are there not invisible witnesses here, who, on this hallowed ground, were wont to offer the prayer of faith for us, their children, to a thousand generations? In such a presence, by such a company, to be assigned such a position, to preside amid such fellowship, I deem the highest honor and greatest privilege of my life; and it is bestowed, I am sure, not on account of any peculiar personal fitness (for I am the youngest and least of my father's house), but because of the double descent which myself and my two brothers here present may claim from our illustrious ancestor.

The duties of this position shall be discharged as God shall give me ability.

The president then called upon Prof. William S. Tyler, D.D., of Amherst College, who married a daughter of Mrs. Whiting of Binghamton, N.Y., to offer prayer.

The following original ode, composed for the occasion by E. W. B. Canning, A.M., of Stockbridge, was sung in a very impressive manner by the church choir: —

ODE.

1.

Lost echoes of the past,
From out your caverns pour,
And like a trumpet blast
Awake the soul once more!
The dust again | And bow the knee
Shall voiceful be, | With living men.

2.

Down the long years, to-day,
Doth a bright spirit come,
With glory's proud array,
Back to his ancient home.
Again our vale | And faith believes
Its saint receives ; | His olden tale.

3.

With pilgrim staff he came
To teach his forest band ;
Now thousand sons proclaim
His name through all the land :
So saith the Power | The wise shall dwell
That cannot fail, — | Forevermore.

4

The good alone are great ;
Immortal only they :
Nor time nor darkening fate
Can write them in the clay.
Our sainted sage | Majestic down
Wears glory's crown | Through every age.

Then came the address of welcome on the part of the people of Stockbridge. This was presented by the Rev. Elias Cornelius Hooker, the pastor of the church, himself in the line of direct descent, and uniting the blood of the Hookers with that of Edwards.

His call and settlement at Stockbridge took place after the arrangements for the meeting there had been made. It was regarded as a providential indication. His service there was almost invaluable.

The welcome was extended by him with peculiar felicity and grace. He spake as follows : —

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen, — Four generations ago, Rev. Jonathan Edwards came

across the hills from Northampton, with his wife, Sarah Pierrepont Edwards, and their ten children, to take charge of the little church of mingled whites and Indians located on this spot. To-day, as his children's children, you have come together almost from the four quarters of the globe to hold a family festival in honor of his great name.

Before you proceed to the intellectual and social "feast of fat things" that awaits you, allow me to speak a few words in behalf of the people of Stockbridge, expressive of their hearty sympathy with the objects which have called you together, and their earnest desire to do all in their power to make your brief stay a pleasant one.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say that you could not have found a place in which to meet where you would have received a more cordial welcome than that which greets you here to-day. We are, indeed, a small community, and our resources for hospitality are not large; but we beg you to understand that our inability in this respect, so far as any exists, is *natural*, and by no means *moral*. The people of Stockbridge have always endeavored to live according to the New-Testament precept about entertaining strangers; and they regard it as in some sense a reward for so doing, second only to the privilege of entertaining "angels unawares," that they are permitted at this time knowingly to have for their guests the descendants of Jonathan Edwards and his virtuous and beautiful wife, Sarah Pierrepont Edwards.

Moreover, we cannot help feeling that it is exceedingly appropriate that you have chosen to hold your family festival on this spot. We have nothing to say

of the comparative claims of other places that are associated with the name of Edwards: but surely a place where he dwelt peacefully for a goodly series of years, during which he performed his last and ripest labors as a gospel-preacher; where he was regarded by his flock with an affection so unanimous and reverent, that no breath of calumny, living or traditional, has ever to this day dared attempt to stain his fair fame; where, by willingly devoting himself to the lowly duties of a home missionary in this then distant and obscure field, he exhibited a humility of spirit almost more rare than his great genius; especially a place where, as one of his biographers says, "He doubtless made swifter advances in knowledge than ever before," and where he wrought out those works which have given him his great fame, — must have eminent, if not pre-eminent claims to be associated with him, as this gathering will make Stockbridge ever hereafter to be. We not only bid you a cordial welcome, therefore, honored friends, but we thank you for coming, and for thus setting your seal to our claims to a share in so illustrious an inheritance.

As is natural, in visiting such a place, you will be asking for objects that are more especially associated with Mr. Edwards. The "effacing fingers" of a hundred years have left only a very few such objects; but those we shall be most happy to point out to you. Yonder on the main street stands the house which he and his family occupied during their entire residence in Stockbridge, much of it comparatively unchanged. Its present occupants will gladly receive you; and they can show you, among other things, the room, and the very spot in it, where the great man sat when

he penned his treatises on "The Freedom of the Will," "The Nature of Virtue," and "Original Sin." A few yards north-east of this place where we are gathered stood the old Indian meeting-house where he preached. The building itself was removed long since; but through the thoughtfulness and enterprise of one of our ladies, who has taken great interest in your gathering, a fragment of oak preserved from it has been wrought into various little useful and ornamental articles, that such of you as wish it may have some memento to carry away with you. In yonder burial-place lies the dust of Mr. Edwards's immediate predecessor, the first missionary to the Indians, and first pastor of this church, — Rev. John Sergeant; a sacred spot, which he must have often visited. There, too, lie many of the flock to whom he ministered, as well as the good and great men who immediately succeeded him here, — Dr. Stephen West and Dr. David Dudley Field. At a little distance west of here, and overlooking the meadows, is the Indian burying-ground, where he must have often performed the rites of Christian burial over those who had been won from heathen darkness by his teachings. You who are familiar with Pres. Edwards's love of Nature, and his exuberant delight in watching and musing upon her various aspects, I hardly need point to these graceful hills and meadows, and this beautiful winding river. His eyes must have often rested upon them in a way to kindle anew contemplations of "the sweet glory of God," *which was ever revealed to him in such things.*

To these various objects, then, descendants of Jonathan Edwards, we welcome you. We welcome you to

this lovely valley, to these scenes amid which he labored, to all that is here associated with his name and memory; and, while you linger among them, we bid you a most cordial welcome to the best hospitality our homes can afford.

Before I close, let me say that there was one personal Friend of the great man in whom he took great delight; of whom he said himself, "I have often had sweet complacency in" him. He "has appeared to me a glorious and lovely Being." That Friend is living still. He is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. We have already joined with you, honored friends, in special and reverent invitation to him to be present on this occasion. *And is not this bright morning his smiling acceptance? May he indeed grace your festival!* May he contribute, as none other can, to your endeavors to honor the memory of his faithful servant! Then shall your coming-together prove not only as you intend it, "an act of piety toward the illustrious dead," and "a measure of fraternal regard for each other," but also a means of promoting that cause to which your revered ancestor devoted all his great powers of mind and heart.

This welcome received from the president the following brief response: —

My dear Sir, — The welcome so eloquently expressed by you on behalf of the citizens of Stockbridge, is, I am sure, most heartily appreciated by these descendants of Jonathan Edwards.

You speak most truly of the cordiality of this welcome, which our reception to these homes of culture and refinement fully justifies.

We are glad we have come to enjoy the hospitality which your people have learned so well to use, according to the apostolic injunction, without grudging.

In all our dispersions, we have remembered Stockbridge as the place where our great progenitor last labored as a pastor, and where he penned those great works mentioned by you, — works which had never, perhaps, seen the light, had not God permitted the removal of his servant hither, where his other duties allowed time for this important service; thus making him a blessing to nations not a few.

We have remembered Stockbridge as the place where the heads of two of our largest tribes lived honorable and useful lives, and whence their children went out to occupy positions of respectability and usefulness, and who often, in the days of their pilgrimage, came hither to the old hearthstone. The heads of these two tribes died here in peace, and were buried in a good old age; and their sepulchres are with you until this day.

No wonder, then, that their children of the third generation should desire to come hither again; and that, when we received your invitation to come to Stockbridge, we felt like Jacob when he saw the wagons sent by Joseph, and said, "It is enough: the spirit of our forefathers is still alive among the people of Stockbridge. We will go and see them before we die."

The next exercise was the Memorial Address by the Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College.

COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE.

Twelve years more than a century have elapsed since our common ancestor left these banks of the Housatonic for the new field, which, in a few weeks, was to become his grave. His children are no more; and of his grandchildren, one lady, over ninety, is the only survivor. The fourth generation is represented here by a few elderly persons, one of whom now proposes to speak to that and to the fifth and the sixth on the life and character of the venerated man whose blood flows in our veins. We are gathered from all parts of the land, and from various walks of life. The sacred calling which he followed, — the office of a college-instructor, — which death in his case cut short at its very beginning, the professions and operations of civil life, the fields of business and manufactures, have their representatives in our family meeting. We may differ too, in opinion, even on the most important subjects. Some, following his lines of thought, may have advanced beyond the positions which he occupied, but in the same direction; others, with an intelligence inherited from him, may have discarded his theology for another, whether worse or better: but, however we differ, we agree in honoring the man who shone as a metaphysical light in a remote colony; the independent thinker and actor; the man who, beyond all others, gave an impulse to the mind of New England, and has commanded the homage of the best minds of the world.

I welcome you, friends and kindred, to this gathering. I welcome those ladies whom you have

brought with you, whom either you have linked to the Edwards line, or who have admitted you to the privileges of the race; and those daughters of the blood, who are destined to ally to us some favored mortal, — probably some young minister or college-professor, led by the perception of spiritual beauty to the resting-place of his soul, as Jonathan Edwards himself was led to Sarah Pierrepont. The race, let me say here, has been rich in women "whose works have praised them in the gates," from the ten sisters, or "sixty feet of sisters," of our ancestor, as tradition calls them, and his eight daughters, down to the most recent times. Nor is there any sign that its qualities in this particular are degenerating. From one of those eight daughters, and from her daughter, I derive my relationship; and, if there were to be a quarrel of sexes in the clan, I certainly should take the female side. But of this I think there can be no danger: at least, the standing of the women among us has been too high to make it safe for the men to come to a rupture with them. Nor have they any need to complain of a disregard of their rights. At all events, we are one here in our veneration for our common ancestor, of whom I have undertaken to speak.

It is not in terms of eulogy that I mean to speak of him. My aim is to present you an idea of the man; interweaving, for that purpose, the circumstances of his outward life, so far as they bear on that idea, but making his inward life, intellectual, moral, and religious, the point towards which every thing is to be referred and directed.

Jonathan Edwards was born in 1703, at an age of English history, when, in the mother-country, the

old religious feeling of the previous century had given way to irreligion and to scepticism. We see a change going on for the worse, not only in the Church of England, but among the dissenters also. The seed sown by Hobbes and others appears in the philosophy of sensation, in new theories of government, in the prevalence of free thinking, in a lower standard of morals and of honor. Theology was changing its tone, and passing over from the Calvinism of the puritanical age and of the early English Church, which even Dr. South, with all his hatred of political Puritanism, could not reject, beyond the Arminianism imported from Holland, to the loose notions of Hoadley and the semi-Arianism of Clarke. The Scotch almost alone, or rather the stricter party in the Presbyterian Kirk, presented a stout front to what they conceived to be grievous doctrinal errors.

In the Puritan colonies, also, the spirit and faith of the earliest ministers and magistrates was no longer fully kept up. What was called Arminianism — whether it was in truth such, or only a weak shade of Calvinism, I will not stop to inquire — was beginning to be extensively prevalent. The churches were settling on their lees without life or spirit. The usage had crept in, against which the old Puritan theory of conversion and the Puritan strictness of discipline would alike have protested, that the Lord's supper was a converting ordinance, from which persons who gave no evidence of any thing more than a moral life ought not to be excluded. Thus as many churches as embraced this view, which prevailed extensively and in the most important parishes, were deadened, and filled with communicants who brought in feebleness

in proportion to their numbers. To this we may add, that although the power of the clergy, as the leaders of religious thought, was not yet much reduced, the generations of ministers following the first were by no means their equals in learning or in earnestness. It is not the least among the claims of Edwards to the respect and grateful recollections of New England, that he stimulated thought as well as religious activity: so that those who followed him, and partook of his opinions, were in some important points another kind of men, more powerful, more impressive, more disposed to look to speedy results, than those were who went before him.

Edwards was born in a parish lying on the eastern bank of the Connecticut, which was separated from the older parish of Windsor for the accommodation of the inhabitants, who before had crossed a large river by ferry when they went to church. His father, the son of a leading settler in Hartford, a graduate of the college at Cambridge, a son-in-law of Solomon Stoddard, minister at Northampton, and withal a man of power and of standing among his brethren, was the first minister of the new parish. In this simple, somewhat retired settlement of farmers, Timothy Edwards preached the Word and broke the bread for sixty-three years. He died in the same year with his son; while his wife, Esther Stoddard, survived him until she reached the age of ninety-nine. They had ten daughters, seven of whom were married and left posterity. Jonathan came after four of them. They were well educated for their opportunities; and we find the brother reciting his Latin to his older sisters. One may, not without reason, ascribe to this numerous

band of sisters a decided influence on the manners and character of the brother. May it not be said, too, that the feminine element was infused from the first into his nature more largely than it entered into many or most of the New-England ministers? With his masculine intellect he had a gentleness, and perhaps a receptivity of spirit, which does not always belong to his sex. His face itself, if I mistake not, indicates that in him the leading male and female traits were blended.*

Edwards, I believe, had no instruction outside of his father's house. His father was a scholar of consideration, and received pupils into his family to fit them for college; but doubtless he did not differ from the ministers around him in possessing a small library, and that chiefly composed of religious works. It was a happy circumstance for the child, that in the seclusion of this new parish, and in the want of entertaining books which now dissipate and weaken the minds of the young, he was thrown upon observation of Nature and upon reflection. We are not accustomed to attribute the first of these tendencies to his mind, but to regard him rather like one of the schoolmen, — as working over by logical processes the truth furnished by consciousness and revelation. Such, however, was not the case: at least, there was no bias in the original traits of his mind which led him exclusively to the metaphysical. His observations on the habits of a wood-spider, written, as Dr. Sereno Edwards Dwight, who first published it, judges from the handwriting, at about the age of twelve, is remarka-

* The portrait, a copy of an original, supposed to be by Smibert, and taken at Dr. Erskine's request, hung near the pulpit.

ble, alike for the nicety of the notices, and for the attempt to detect the motives of the animal in its operations. His notes on natural science, also published by the same biographer, written, as it seems, either during his college-life, or shortly afterwards, disclose a subtlety and interest of mind in the attempts to grasp and fix the metaphysics of natural philosophy, which might easily have been diverted, under favoring circumstances, from scholastic theology, and have turned him into a natural philosopher of no mean attainments.

Thus fitted at home for a college-life, he entered Yale College in 1716, and was graduated just a hundred and fifty years ago, — at the age of seventeen. The year after his entrance was the year when an act of the General Assembly removed it to New Haven ; and when the college-building received from Elihu Yale, a native of the town, sometime governor of Madras, and lord of the manor of Wrexham in Wales, the name which afterwards went over to the institution itself. The great contentions in the colony touching the future seat of the college had dispersed the students ; and, for a time, it had no rector. Edwards studied in his second and third years with a part of the students at Wethersfield. On the removal of a certain cause of complaint, and the election of Rector Cutler, the college was united ; and Edwards pursued his studies in the latter part of his college-life under the rector at New Haven. The number of students during the infancy of the college, and while he was an undergraduate, was never more than about thirty.

The education at the college when he was there deserves to be taken into account as one of the lead-

ing influences in the formation of his mind. The studies of the freshmen were devoted to Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, until, towards the close of the year, they might be put into logic, if the tutors thought them mature enough. In the second year, four days in each week were devoted to the study of logic; in the third, physics was the principal study; and in the fourth, metaphysics and mathematics. All the undergraduates disputed syllogistically five times a week. On Saturday morning, Ames's "Medulla," a compend of theology, and on Sunday his "Cases of Conscience," were text-books. The Assembly's Catechism in Latin was also introduced into the course. Various text-books were employed in logic; as that of Ramus, the eminent Huguenot, of Burgersdicius, of Crackenthorp, and of Keckerman. In physics, a manuscript prepared by Rector Pierson was at one time used. Edwards, in one of his letters to his father, says that the rector would have him get Alsted's Geometry and Gassendi's Astronomy for study in his senior year: the former was one of the many compilations of Alsted, a reformed German divine; and the other a brief work of the celebrated French astronomer, Gassendi, filling about one hundred and fifty pages. They were both, perhaps, in the original Latin, as several of the other text-books must have been. Latin was talked freely, and was written, but with no great correctness. Into the mathematical course only the geometrical method entered; and algebra was, I believe, not then studied. Neither rhetoric, nor the practice of composition, nor æsthetics, nor political and historical science, was cultivated; and most of the modern natural sciences were as yet undeveloped.

This narrow culture was not so bad in shaping the mind as one might think; but it was one-sided: too much was made of formal logic; and the whole system was intended for students of theology, who formed more than half of almost every class. In his second year, Edwards read "Locke on the Human Understanding," in connection with his logical studies; and this, if we mistake not, more than every thing else, attracted his attention towards metaphysical science. He was, as I understand it, a disciple of Locke in his doctrine of perception and of ideas, but with a mind quite too deep to be satisfied with applying the principles of the philosopher to the study of theology. What other books tended to form his philosophy, I do not know. He quotes in one of his early notes Cudworth's "Intellectual System;" and, in another place, contrasts the old logic with a system that had more recently become known to him. The college library, when he was a student and a tutor, might have supplied him with some of the principal books then known. But he was as much indebted to his own reflection as to any outward source, if not more.

The biographer of Edwards, Dr. Sereno E. Dwight, has given to the world his speculations on the mind and on natural science, begun, perhaps, when he was in college, and continued for some few years afterwards. I have not found any evidence that these inquiries were resumed at a later period: probably his ministerial work and the science of theology with the study of the Scriptures occupied all his attention during his later years. They are therefore the speculations of the boy and the youth, from the age of seventeen to that of twenty-two; and, as such,

are truly remarkable for the indications they give of subtlety and profound thought at such an age, as well as of independence. It seems that they took the shape of a treatise, which he entitles "The Natural History of the Mental World, or of the Internal World," which was to be preceded by an Introduction "concerning the two worlds, — the external and the internal; the external the subject of natural philosophy, the internal our own minds." Then follow subjects to be handled in the treatise on the mind, which run through all the departments of the science, but are arranged as they happened to occur to him while his pen was in his hand. A specimen or two will show his strain of reflection: "All sorts of ideas of things are but the repetitions of those things over again." "Perceptions or ideas that we passively receive by our bodies are communicated to us *immediately* by God, while our minds are united to our bodies; but only we in some measure know the rule." "The knowledge of inspiration" [that is, knowledge conveyed to a mind by inspiration] "is in a sense intuitive, much in the same manner as faith and spiritual knowledge of the things of religion; but yet there are, doubtless, various degrees in inspiration." "Genus is not merely a tying of things together under the same name (for I do believe that deaf and dumb persons abstract and distribute things into kinds); but it is *so* putting them together under a common notion, as if they were a collective substance." He has a long examination of what "excellency" means, which he regards as synonymous with beauty. "Simple equality without proportion is the lowest kind of regularity, and may be called *simple* beauty:

proportion is *complex* beauty. All beauty consists in similarness, or identity of relation. Spiritual harmonies are of vastly larger extent; i.e., the proportions are vastly oftener redoubled, and respect more beings, and require a vastly larger view to comprehend them. Excellency consists in the similarness of one being to another; not merely equality and proportion, but any kind of similarness, — thus similarness of direction." In the notes on natural science, — which were written at the same early period, and perhaps intended to form one whole with the notes on the mind, — he goes in one place almost to the extreme of idealism. "Suppose," says he, "there were another universe merely of bodies, created at a great distance from this; created in excellent order, [with] harmonious motions and a beautiful variety; and there were no created intelligence in it, nothing but sénseless bodies, and nothing but God knew any thing of it. I demand where else that universe would have a being but only in the divine consciousness? Let us suppose, for illustration, this impossibility, — that all the spirits in the universe were for a time deprived of their consciousness, and that God's consciousness were at the same time to be intermitted. I say, the universe, for that time, would cease to be of itself." That is, thought is the only being; ideas, and so existence, are in God; which is the pantheistic extreme of ideal philosophy. But he was, in truth, far from this theory.

In other places of his notes on natural philosophy he makes some striking remarks. He maintains the compressibility of water in the abyss under the earth, and that to such an extent as to become spe-

cifically heavier than the soil; so that a column of earth will float on its surface. He is aware that water becomes lighter when it is frozen, and tries to show how this ought to be so. He thinks it certain, when God first created matter, that besides creating the atoms, and giving the whole chaos its motion, he designed the figure and shape of every atom, and likewise their places; so that, "without" [his] "doing any thing more, the chaoses of themselves, according to the established laws of matter, were brought into these various and excellent forms, adapted to every of God's ends, excepting the more excellent works of plants and animals, which it was proper and fit God should have an immediate hand in."

I know not how far any of these early thoughts were original, and how far suggested; but they show an early if not irresistible tendency to speculation, which was fostered by the prominence of logic in the discipline of the college, and by the fewness of books, which threw inquiring minds upon themselves. They show, also, a mind of vast comprehension, which at such an age opened itself to all intelligible things. There is no doubt, I think, that, with other opportunities, he might have been as eminent in natural philosophy as he afterwards became in metaphysics and theology. On the whole, then, he was none the worse for his one-sided education, if we consider the sphere which he was afterwards called to fill.

Having passed through the academical course with the highest rank in his class, and delivered the farewell address at his graduation, — the only one besides

the usual theses,* — he spent the greater part of the next two years at the college in the study of theology and philosophy. He began to preach before he was nineteen ; and was soon afterwards called, in August, 1722, to minister to a small congregation of Presbyterians in New York. He preached there about eight months ; then spent a short time in study at his father's house ; then continued his studies for a time at Yale College, until he entered upon the office of a tutor. This office, commencing in June, 1724, he filled through the two succeeding academical years. They were years of confusion and responsibility ; for the infant college was without a rector, and was wholly dependent on the tutors for instruction : but he and his colleagues were fully equal to their responsibilities, as appears from the testimony of a most competent judge, Pres. Stiles, who was familiar with the history of the institution more than any other man, and whose father was intimately acquainted with Edwards and his family.

These years, from 1720 to 1726 inclusive, while they mark the formative stage of his philosophical and theological system, were more important on account of the development of his religious life, which must be specially referred to this period. He was a Puritan boy, brought up in the simple manners of a new country parish and in the strict morals of a Puritan minister's family, unacquainted with temptation, and having no struggles to pass through such as appear in the history of Augustine, Luther, and some

* This salutatory and valedictory address is in the hands of Mrs. Cynthia Woodbridge of Spencertown, N.Y., wife of Rev. Timothy Woodbridge.

others of the greater lights of the Christian Church. He records his trouble in regard to his religious history in these words: "The chief thing that now makes me in any measure to question my good estate is my not having experienced conversion in those particular steps wherein the people of New England, and anciently the dissenters of Old England, used to experience it. Wherefore now resolved never to leave searching till I have satisfyingly found out the very bottom and foundation, — the real reason why they used to be converted in those steps." And yet he speaks of "a variety of concerns and exercises about his soul from his childhood, which seemed to him to end in nothing, until, after an attack of pleurisy in his last year in college, he made seeking salvation the main business of his life." Now it was that the doctrine of God's sovereignty was accepted by him; now it was that he began to have (we repeat his expressions) "a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation through him." "I found," he says, "an inward sweetness that would carry me away in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imagination, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and rapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things would often, of a sudden, kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart, — an ardor of soul that I know not how to express."

This passage shows one of the capacities and ten-

dencies of his religious life, — a leaning towards the ideal and mystical, of which we intend to speak again, and which formed a happy amalgam with the rationalism of New England and of Calvinism generally. He did not, however, rest in such frames of exalted religious thought and feeling; but his aim, especially from the time when he began to preach, — at the age of nineteen, in New York, — was to become a thoroughly holy man in purpose and life. This appears in his resolutions and his contemporaneous diary of the years between 1722 and 1725. The resolutions are well known, and have helped the religious progress of many who believed in heart-religion, and in living on a plan of subordinating every thing to the interests of the spiritual life. They are of such a kind, that a religious Catholic or Lutheran or English Churchman would receive with joy, and act on, nearly all of them. Some of them show the comprehensiveness and scope of his mind: "Resolved that I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good profit and pleasure in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, — whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence." Others show a tendency towards self-analysis which was in him, and which he, by his works, subsequently aided to propagate in others: "Resolved constantly, with the utmost niceness and diligence, and the strictest scrutiny, to be looking into the state of my soul, that I may know whether I have truly an interest in Christ or not." Others, again, show a purpose of the strictest self-government, reaching to asceticism: "Resolved never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can."

"Resolved to maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking." "Resolved never to say any thing at all against anybody but when it is perfectly agreeable to the highest degree of Christian honor and of love to mankind, agreeable to the lowest humility, and sense of my own faults and failings, and agreeable to the golden rule." The same views re-appear in his diary. "These things" [are] "established," he says, "that time gained in things of lesser importance is as much gained in things of greater; that a minute gained in times of confusion, conversation, or in a journey, is as good as a minute gained in my most retired times." And he determines, when he is unfit for any other business, to perfect himself in writing short-hand; and, when he is in want of good books, to spend time in studying mathematics and in reviewing other kinds of old learning. More than once he returns to the subject of a spare diet, and he set up quite a severe rule for himself; but he confesses that he finds, when eating, that he cannot be convinced in the time of it, that, if he should eat more, he should exceed the bounds of temperance, though he has had the experience of two years.

If we had time, we would willingly dwell on this part of his religious history, which shows the formation of his character and the foundation of his future greatness. Some of his utterances are truly beautiful and striking; such as these: "Resolved to live so at all times as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the gospel and another world." "Resolved to endeavor to obtain for myself as much happiness in the other world as I possibly can with all

the power, might, vigor, and vehemence, yea, violence, I am capable of, or can bring myself to exert, in any way that can be thought of." "Resolved to endeavor, to my utmost, to deny whatever is not most agreeable to a good and universally sweet and benevolent, quiet and peaceable, contented and easy, compassionate and generous, humble and meek, submissive and obliging, diligent and industrious, charitable, and even patient, moderate, forgiving, and sincere temper." Others seem to me to be quite characteristic; as, "Resolved, when I think of any theorem in divinity to be solved, immediately to do what I can towards solving it, if circumstances do not hinder." So in his diary he determines, when violently beset with temptation, or unable to rid himself of evil thoughts, to do some problem in arithmetic or geometry, or some other study, which keeps his thoughts from wandering. He notices in another place that some evil habits appear in old age, even in some good people, and obscure the beauty of their character; and that old Christians are very commonly, in some respects, more unreasonable than those who are young. "I am afraid," he continues, "of contracting such habits, particularly of grudging to give and to do, and of procrastinating."

A grand resolution, showing the man, may finish what we have to say of this part of his life: "On the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at any one time, who was properly a complete Christian of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true lustre, from whatever part and under whatever character viewed, resolved to act just as I would do if I strove with all my might

to be that one." And this end of saintliness in heart and life, beyond the men of his time, he did, in some measure, reach.

Fitted in an eminent degree to take care of souls by the care he had taken of his own soul and of his reason, he was ordained, near the beginning of 1727, at the age of twenty-three, as colleague with his grandfather Stoddard, over the parish of Northampton. This was one of the leading inland parishes of New England. He received the call to settle here, doubtless, partly on account of his own repute as a scholar and a Christian, and partly on account of his relation to the present incumbent, who had now stood at his post for more than half a century, and was surpassed in esteem and influence by few of his brethren. The first duty of the young minister was to find a wife; and his eye had already been turned towards the daughter of the minister at New Haven, — James Pierrepont, a descendant in the younger line of the noble English family bearing that name, who was a prominent clergyman in the Colony of Connecticut, one of the founders of Yale College, and the leading originator of the Saybrook Platform, on which the ecclesiastical order of the churches in that Colony, as established by law in 1708, was resting. As early as 1723, he had heard an account of the high religious character of this young lady, then under the age of fourteen, and has left a record of that date concerning her, which at once shows her fitness for him as a religious companion, and his own idealizing, somewhat poetical conception. "They say," writes he, "there is a young lady [in New Haven] who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world; and that there

are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her, and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight; and that she hardly cares for any thing except to meditate on him; that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, — to be raised up out of the world, and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do any thing wrong or sinful if you would give all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind, especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves; and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her." When he wrote this remarkable passage, he had not become acquainted with her, but was evidently prepared to love the image which he describes. Nor when he made her his own, and bore her away to the banks of the Connecticut, did the image turn out to be an unreal one. This mother of his eleven children, this mother of us all, friends and kindred, deserves to be held in grateful remembrance, especially on a day like this. She was not only a *conditio sine qua non* for the ministerial usefulness of her husband, but a soul whose standard of Christian life was as high as his own; and probably her more joyous, occa-

sionally rapturous experience helped his broad-looking, over-burdened mind over many an obstacle in the road of life. It was to this exalted religious life of hers that "Father Moody" of York must have alluded, when, having spoken highly of Edwards on a public occasion, supposing him to be absent, he added, on discovering his mistake, "Mr. Edwards, I didn't intend to flatter you; but there is one thing I'll tell you: they say that your wife is a-going to heaven by a shorter road than yourself." Perhaps, without disparagement to her female descendants, we may say of her with truth, "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all."

Edwards remained minister of the church in Northampton three and twenty years. His grandfather survived the beginning of his pastorate about two years. The end of it was clouded by a difference of opinion between him and his people on a most important point of Christian order in the church, as to which he evidently *could* make no concessions in good conscience; and they, urged on by their advisers within and without the parish, *would* make none: and so he was dismissed from his charge, and thrown into the uncertainties of life, at a time when his large family most needed support. The years between his ordination and this greatest of his trials were the summer-time of his life: the years that went before were the sowing of the seed; those that followed were chiefly the gathering-in of the sheaves. We might dwell long upon them, if it were possible; but we shall content ourselves with a few words devoted to certain points which are fitted to bring out the man and his efficiency in a clear light. These are his habits of life

and study; his success as a minister, together with the extraordinary revivals of religion which followed his preaching; and the controversy on the terms of church-membership, which put an end to his ministerial life at Northampton. The revivals of religion first made him extensively known as an author, not only in the Colonies, but in Great Britain, especially in Scotland, where men of kindred minds appreciated his worth, supplied him with books which he could not otherwise have had access to, and stimulated him by their correspondence. This again re-acted greatly in favor of his literary efficiency; and beyond question, while he would have been the same man without the aids and helps of these foreign friends, he would not have been known as one of the leading metaphysicians and theologians of the century.

He entered into his new sphere, as we have seen, with a most strict view of the importance of time, and of his obligation to economize it as far as possible. He was in his study writing sermons, and thinking, with his pen in his hand, on subjects of theology or passages of Scripture, thirteen hours daily. When he went abroad, as he did on horseback, for exercise, he had some special topic selected for his meditations. If thoughts struck him during his rides that were of peculiar interest, he tried to detain them by an artificial method of pinning papers on different parts of his clothes; and, when he stopped to walk in the woods, he was not unprovided with pen and ink to give shape to whatever might occur to him of value. In order to be able to lead such a life of constant study, he needed, in accordance with his earlier resolutions, to be very abstemious in the use of food; and delicacy

of health also added motives in the same direction. His life was thus one of constant thought, with little relaxation or recreation. One ministerial duty he felt himself unequal to, — that of pastoral visiting. He seemed to himself to have no skill for ordinary intercourse with his flock; so that the amount of time which would have gone to the account of this duty, had he regarded it as such, was devoted to the interests of study. Probably his natural shyness, and inaptness for familiar intercourse with his parishioners, would have always been an obstacle in the way of free and useful family visitation, with however great perseverance he might have continued it; for the habits of philosophic thought were too fixed and too deeply founded in his nature to be shaken off. He had well considered his talents in this respect, and inquired what his duty as a minister demanded of him. Dr. Hopkins, his pupil and close friend, speaks of him on this point as follows: "He did not neglect visiting from house to house because he did not look upon it, in ordinary cases, to be an important part of the work of a gospel minister, but because he supposed that ministers should, with respect to this, consult their own talents and circumstances, and visit more or less according to the degree in which they could hope thereby to promote the great ends of the ministry. . . . He was not able to enter into a free conversation with every person he met, and in an easy manner turn it to whatever topic he pleased, without the help of others, and, it may be, against their inclinations. He therefore found that his visits of this kind must be, to a great degree, unprofitable. And, as he was settled in a large parish, it would have

taken up a great part of his time to visit from house to house; which he thought he could spend in his study to much more valuable purposes, and so better promote the great ends of his ministry: for it appeared to him that he could do the greatest good to the souls of men, and most promote the cause of Christ, by preaching and writing and conversing with persons under religious impressions in his study; whither he encouraged all such to repair, where they might be sure, in ordinary cases, to find him, and where they were treated with all desirable tenderness, kindness, and familiarity."

These words of Dr. Hopkins show that he had carefully considered his duty, and it is likely that he was right in his judgment; but he ought not to be quoted as a rule for others, since his own justification of himself rests on his special inaptitudes. But the want of a free intercourse with his people, without doubt, made the relation between him and them more distant and less affectionate. We cannot help believing that it was all the easier for them to separate from him when the time of alienation came. Nor could his sermons have failed to suffer injury from the want of intimate acquaintance with varying phases of parish and of family life.

Let us now view him for a moment as a preacher. It has struck us as something quite worthy of notice, that while his followers, who were the great lights of New England in the two next generations, were often theological and metaphysical preachers, this man, of such strong tendencies towards logic and philosophy, should be remarkably scriptural in his mode of sermonizing, — doctrinal, it is true, but

biblical, and never departing from a mode of presenting thought which was the right one for reaching the common mind. If he could not adapt himself to the turns of familiar conversation, he certainly could, in his pulpit, make himself apprehensible by all.

His sermons (and the same is true of his writings in general) are not models of style, but rather often inelegant, and wearisome by their repetitions. This fault must be laid at the door of the writers of the seventeenth century, who were most esteemed in New England, and of the college education; in which, style and the refinement of taste seem to have been neglected. They are almost devoid, also, of enlivening illustrations; and they show but little imaginative power. But Edwards was a strong, I may say a mighty preacher, notwithstanding; and his power consisted, first of all, in the strength of his convictions in regard to spiritual truth, which took hold of his powerful conceptive faculty, his tender sensibility, and his great intellect, making him always earnest, and bent upon the great end of preaching, — sometimes terrible, and sometimes gravely eloquent.

His preaching was blessed; and we may say, that, during his ministry at Northampton, that place was more a centre of spiritual influence than any other in New England. The revival of 1734–35, which began here, and spread over a number of towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut, had more than three hundred persons for its fruits in his parish. The remarkable character of this movement, as well as its novelty, awoke inquiry in regard to its nature and its particulars. To answer such inquiry, he wrote first a brief, and afterwards a fuller account; which last was pub-

lished at London, in 1736, under the title of "Narrative of Surprising Conversions," and again, the year after, at Boston, together with several discourses on practical subjects, chiefly preached during the revival. Of these, the discourse on Justification, made out of several sermons, formed a treatise of itself. The "Narrative" just spoken of was the first work which made Edwards extensively known both in and beyond the bounds of New England. He began to be regarded as a favored instrument of God and as a man of power. Young men, ere long, such as Bellamy and Hopkins, looked to him as a guide in their studies, or a counsellor in their parish-work; and by degrees he became the centre of new thoughts and new practical efforts.

The next great work in which he was called to have an important part was the Great Revival — to give it the name by which it is known in New-England history — of 1740–42; which pervaded all the northern Colonies, showing its power in more than a hundred and fifty congregations. In this widely-extended series of religious awakenings George Whitefield was a principal instrument. The awakening began at Northampton in the spring of 1740; and was increased, after Whitefield had preached several sermons there, in the autumn of the same year. It was at this time that Edwards "withstood him to his face" on account of his rashness in speaking of other professed Christians, especially of ministers, as in an unconverted state, and of his practice of attributing importance to impulses as proceeding from the Spirit of God. The followers of Whitefield went far beyond their master in the heat of their zeal and their want of judgment.

It is well known that the evils which attended this revival marred its beauty, and weakened its happy influence. It was, says Edwards, no uncommon thing "to see a house full of outcries, faintings, convulsions, and such like, both with distress and [also] with admiration and joy."* It was at Northampton much more pure in 1740 and 1741 than the former work of 1734–35, at first; but in 1742 "we were infected," he says, "from abroad. Our people hearing of, and some of them seeing, the work in other places, where there was a greater visible commotion than here, and the outward appearances were more extraordinary, were ready to think the work in those places far excelled what was amongst us; and their eyes were dazzled with the high profession and great show that some made who came hither from other places." "Formerly," he says in another place, "there was too great reservedness in talking of religious experiences; but of late many have gone to an unbounded openness, frequency, and constancy in talking of their experiences, declaring almost every thing that passes between God and their own souls everywhere and before everybody. Religion all runs into that channel: other duties, that are of vastly greater importance, have been looked on as light in comparison with this; so that other parts of religion have been really much injured thereby." Edwards did his best to counteract among his people this preponderance of unreflecting emotion over thoughtful godliness. He felt the danger there was when instances occurred of "persons lying in a sort of trance, remain-

* Dwight's Edwards's Works, i. 162. The other quotations follow in the same work.

ing, perhaps, for a whole twenty-four hours motionless, with their senses locked up, but in the mean time under strong imaginations, as though they went to heaven, and had there a vision of glorious and delightful objects." The evil was, that, "when the people were raised to this height, Satan took the advantage; and his interposition in many instances soon became very apparent; and a great deal of caution and pains were found necessary to keep the people, many of them, from becoming wild."

One measure taken by Edwards to counteract this dangerous tendency was to draw the minds of his flock, by means of a solemn covenant, to the great precepts of Christian morality, especially in the intercourse of life. By this he hoped to lead their minds to the contemplation of positive duty, that the practical aims of the gospel might take their proper place amid the luxurious pleasures of overwrought feeling.

If this revival had evil mingled with its good when so doctrinal a minister as Edwards controlled the community, in many other parts the evil was more apparent. The radical evil was misjudging zeal taking the occasional adjuncts of religion for religion itself; condemning with bitterness those who did not adopt its measures, and thus converting them into opponents of a work, which, in its essential features, was from God. Ministers like Davenport, who took Whitefield for their model, intruded into parishes against the will of the ministers, pronounced them unconverted, and took steps which led to the separation of parts of churches from their ministers and from the old parishes: so that, perhaps, more than *twenty* such churches of separatists were formed in Connecticut

alone. This led to angry divisions, and the arm of the law interfered to put down the new exercise of religious liberty. But the evil done to religion was not confined to these outward phenomena. The standard of religion, the conception of what it consisted in, was modified. Feeling, rather than a life of piety and obedience, was the point of desirable attainment. Hence, when feeling became exhausted, godliness seemed to die also. Hence, also, censorious judgments that others were unconverted, and the disposition to follow inward impulses as the rule of duty. Hence, finally, in many places, a lasting prejudice against revivals of religion. One who, were he living, would be the fittest person to make the address assigned to me, — Dr. Sereno Edwards Dwight, — says that "it is deserving, perhaps, of inquiry, whether the slumber of the American Church for nearly seventy years may not be ascribed, in an important degree, to the fatal re-action of [the] unhappy measures" adopted in this revival.

I have dwelt the longer on this revival and its peculiarities because they called forth the analyzing power of Edwards's mind, so that he became, for the Church of the succeeding generations, the religious critic — using these words in a good and a high sense — of the movements in which God and the human mind conspire. He had firm faith that the revival was a work of the Divine Spirit: he hoped that other and purer ones would follow, until the millennial glory should begin. But he believed that the preaching of the sober truth, the great realities of the Scriptures presented to reflecting minds, were the instruments of conversion. He felt also, perhaps too strongly,

that almost all the steps of conversion could be counterfeited, for which the only cure within man's reach was the application of the most scriptural tests for judging of Christian character. Views like these led him to publish in 1741 his sermon "On the Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the True Spirit;" in 1742, his "Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England;" and, in 1746, his treatise "On Religious Affections." The high position which these last-mentioned works soon occupied, and their extensive influence, — the one of them determining the views and measures of New England in respect to religious awakenings in a spirit at once devout and scientific, the other establishing criteria of religious character as scriptural as they are severe, — will excuse me from praise and criticism. I cannot, however, forbear saying, that the work on religious affections, by the introspection and analysis which it encourages, notwithstanding its great merits, has been the source of great evils: it has led minds away from the great object and fountain of hope to a scrutiny of their own miserable selves; and thus has, in many cases, produced self-distrust and despondency, instead of hope and peace.

From the termination of the "great revival" until the close of the ministry of Edwards at Northampton in 1750, about eight years elapsed, in which, besides the writings which we have just spoken of, not a little occurred in his life that is worthy of notice. Our limits, however, do not allow us to give them more than a passing mention. The brief career of David Brainerd, who had been befriended by him in his troubles at New Haven with the authorities

of the college, and who had kept up an intimacy with him from that time, came to an end at his house in 1747: and two years afterwards he gave to the world the well-known and much-read Life and Diary of the Indian missionary, — a book which, notwithstanding its sombre coloring, has been of great use to the Christian world; above all, in stimulating missionary efforts. During these years, also, he entered with zeal into a plan communicated to him by his friends in Scotland for a concert of prayer among all Christians for "the coming of Christ's kingdom." This he recommended to his people from the pulpit, and afterwards reduced his sermons into the form of a treatise, entitled "An Humble Attempt to promote Explicit Agreement and Visible Union among God's People, in Extraordinary Prayer for the Revival of Religion and the Advancement of Christ's Kingdom on Earth, pursuant to Scripture Promises and Prophecies concerning the Last Time." This treatise was published on both sides of the Atlantic, and was a principal means of extending such a concert through a large number of churches. His works on the religious revivals brought him into correspondence and friendship with a number of ministers in Scotland, who gave him the glad news of a similar event begun in their own country in 1744. Of these Scotch friends, the one who was his longest and most valued correspondent, but who was not brought into relations with him until 1747, was John Erskine, first of Kirkintilloch, then of Edinburgh. In that year, while yet quite a young man, he sent Edwards a memorial of a fellow-student in theology who had died before entering the ministry. In acknowledging that gift, Edwards, according to the

biographer of Erskine, — Sir Henry M. Wallwood, as quoted by Dr. S. E. Dwight, — gave a sketch of a work on the freedom of the will which was then in his mind. "I have thought," he says, "of writing somewhat particularly and largely on the Arminian controversy, in distinct discourses on the various points in dispute, to be published successively, beginning first with a discourse concerning the freedom of the will and moral agency; endeavoring fully and thoroughly to state and discuss those points of liberty and necessity, moral and physical inability, efficacious grace, and the ground of virtue and vice, reward and punishment, blame and praise, with regard to the dispositions and actions of reasonable creatures." Erskine proved to be a truly useful and helpful friend by the supplies of new books in theology which were coming out in Europe, and which he could have obtained from no other source. He held Edwards in the highest honor, and, long after his death, edited a number of his works at the Scotch capital.

The mention of Erskine leads me to speak of another work which Edwards wrote in the form of sermons a little before the great revival, and which his Scotch friend procured to be printed after his death from a manuscript supplied by his son. The "History of Redemption" to which I refer belongs in its present form to the year 1739; but the preface to the work, from the hand of the younger Pres. Edwards, informs us that he had meditated something more extensive and more perfect. The son says that "he had planned a body of divinity in a new method, and in the form of history, in which he was first to show how the most remarkable events in all ages,

from the fall to the present times, recorded in sacred and profane history, were adapted to promote the work of redemption; and then to trace, by the light of Scripture prophecy, how the same work should be yet farther carried on, even to the end of the world. His heart was so much set on executing this plan, that he was considerably averse to accept[ing] the presidentship of Princeton College, lest the duties of that office should put it out of his power."

I do not claim for this work a masterly treatment of history; nor would I accept its interpretations of prophecy without qualification. But it deserves to be called a remarkable production on two accounts: *first*, it shows the comprehensiveness of a mind which was not content with exploring philosophical and biblical theology, but wandered through the fields of history to gather up marks of the presence of God among mankind; and, *second*, it is founded on the truly great thought, that the unity of mankind is to be sought for in Christ. It is thus a work built on a grand foundation, and belongs to the class of which Augustine's treatise "On the City of God" affords the earliest and the noblest specimen.

We have now reached that more than a year of painful controversy with his parish, — that one great trial of his life, which ended in an event then much rarer than it is now, — his separation from an alienated people by their own persistent measures. The documents touching this chapter of his life are copious: they are a broad if not a smooth stream, over which it becomes us to wade with as dry feet as possible. The point at issue between the parties was one of direct and instant application to the practice of the

church. It was, whether, as had been the usage for years in the parish, new members should be received without any evidence of Christian character; or whether the rule should be altered, and no one received who could not be regarded as a follower of Christ. A *preparation* for such a state of things lay in the looseness of some church-members admitted on such a platform. The *parties* were Edwards with a minority of the most religious of his people, and most of the leading persons in the town with a majority under their control. The *facilitating causes*, probably, were his reserve, and neglect of familiar intercourse with his parish, of which we have spoken before; his powerful understanding, which made men important in the State feel themselves his inferiors; the natural love of slack discipline which many feel, and the prejudices of theology which were kindled by ministers outside of the town, together with the ill-will aroused by rebukes of the conduct of members of important families. His opponents had an *advantage* in this, that the existing practice had come down from the venerated grandfather of Edwards, who had held the pastorate for sixty years; that he had accepted the practice, nor said a word against it for a long time; and that the churches all around in the Commonwealth had adopted it, as well as a large number in other colonies. *They* were strong in reliance on usage: *he* was weak in having changed or slowly settled his mind on an important practical subject. Their overbearing sense of strength led them to an extreme ground, even when he had only avowed and preached his opinion. It was felt, in fact, to be a point on which there could be no compromise: he or they

must yield. He bravely stood his ground. Yet no honest partisan of the other side could fairly charge him with obstinacy or violence. No one could doubt that he went through the long series of painful controversies in uprightness and honesty. He came out of them the loser, yet the winner. Posterity is on his side. Had he flattered and yielded, the opinion of New England would have rebuked him, and generations of descendants, and of minds led by him up to God, would not have blessed his memory. And doubtless his own spiritual life needed and was blessed by the bitter lesson.

When Edwards was settled at Northampton, this practice, introduced by the influence of his grandfather, had prevailed more than twenty years. At the time of his settlement, he had, according to Dr. Hopkins, some scruples about the practice, but did not, for some time, "receive such a degree of conviction as to prevent his adopting it with a good conscience." "At length his doubts increased," for which his experience as a minister will readily suggest one reason; and he was led to examine the question with thoroughness "by searching the Scriptures, and reading such books as were written on the subject." The result was a full conviction that it was wrong, and that he could not retain the practice with a good conscience. His treatise "On Religious Affections," published in 1746, shows that his mind was then already made up on the subject. He had, however, no occasion to publish his convictions for some time afterward, as no case involving the principle occurred until the end of 1748 and the beginning of the next year. He then declared his views to the committee

of the church, and proposed to them to give his reasons from the pulpit. This was unacceptable to the major part of the committee; but it was agreed that he should justify his opinions through the press. The printing was not finished until August. Meanwhile there was a great ferment in the town; and, to show what he regarded as the probable end of the difficulty, we repeat here a few words from a letter to his Scotch friend Erskine, written in this interval, under date of May, 1749: "I have nothing very comfortable to inform you of concerning the present state of religion in this place. A very great difficulty has arisen between [me and] my people relating to qualifications for communion at the Lord's table. My honored grandfather Stoddard, my predecessor in the ministry over this church, strenuously maintained the Lord's Supper to be a converting ordinance; and urged all to come who were not of scandalous life, though they knew themselves to be unconverted. I formerly conformed to his practice: but I have had difficulties with respect to it, which have been long increasing, till I dared no longer to proceed in this way; which has occasioned great uneasiness among my people, and has filled all the country with noise; which has obliged me to write something upon the subject, which is now in the press. I know not but this affair will issue in a separation between me and my people."

His own position against this practice, introduced into the church by his grandfather, would now be regarded as a very moderate one. He did not even demand that the applicant for communion should think himself to be a true Christian, but only looked

for those affections and that faith which would lead the person or persons responsible for admission into the church to believe him to be such. There might be persons of sincere piety, who, for some reason, had not, as yet, a Christian hope: he would not exclude such, but only those who made no pretensions to, and gave no evidence of, a religious character. He says that a person making a profession willingly to comply with the commandments of God requiring the service of his soul and body ought to be received to the communion, and had a right to be [so] received as an object of public charity, whatever scruples he might have from not knowing the time or method of his conversion, or from finding in himself great remaining sin.

It would be an unprofitable task to dwell upon the stages through which the controversy passed until a preparatory council was called to consider whether a final council should be convoked from the county only, or from churches both within it and beyond its borders. Edwards was earnest and persistent for the latter course, well knowing what he had to expect from a number of the neighboring ministers and churches. At last, it was agreed that he should nominate two churches to be upon the council which were not within the bounds of the county. The council met June 19, 1850, chosen in equal numbers by the two parties, and with power, if they should "judge it best that pastor and people be immediately separated, to dissolve the connection between them." The council, by a majority of one, — one of Mr. Edwards's nominees did not appear, — passed the following vote: "That it is expedient that the pastoral relation

between Mr. Edwards and his church be immediately dissolved, if the people still persist in desiring it." When the vote was put in the church, the great majority of those who were present — out of two hundred and thirty, all but twenty-three — voted for the dismission. The acts of the council were read at a public meeting of the parish on the 22d of June; and, soon after, Edwards delivered his farewell sermon.*

In all these proceedings Edwards was calm and meek, but persistent, and bent on justice. It must have been obvious to him, months before the issue, that the breach could not be healed; and we doubt

* In this sermon (Dwight's edition of Edwards's Works, i. 642) he uses the following language: "Then" (i.e., in the day of account) "it will appear whether I acted uprightly, and from a truly conscientious, careful regard to my duty to my great Lord and Master, in some former ecclesiastical controversies, which have been attended with exceeding unhappy circumstances and consequences: it will appear whether there was any just cause for the resentment which was manifest on these occasions. And then our late grand controversy, concerning the qualifications necessary for admission to the privileges of members in complete standing in the visible Church of Christ, will be examined and judged in all its parts and circumstances, and the whole set forth in a clear, certain, and perfect light. . . . And then it will appear, whether, in declaring this doctrine, and acting agreeably to it, and in my general conduct in this affair, I have been influenced from any regard to my temporal interest or honor, or any desire to appear wiser than others; or have acted from any sinister, secular view whatsoever; and whether what I have done has not been from a careful, strict, and tender regard to the will of my Lord and Master, and because I dare not offend him, being satisfied what his will was, after a long, diligent, impartial, and careful inquiry; having *this* constantly in view and prospect to engage me to great solicitude not rashly to determine truth to be on this side of the question, where I am now persuaded it is, — that such a determination would not be for my temporal interest, but every way against it, bringing me a long series of extreme difficulties, and plunging me into an abyss of trouble and sorrow." A noble uprightness and self-approval runs through all this.

whether the wiser course would not have been to shorten the term of controversy by early resignation. Among the opponents of the minister, the leading manager before the council was his own cousin, Joseph Hawley, a grandson of Stoddard. Ten years afterwards, this man, a lawyer of high standing, published a letter in a Boston paper, in which he humbled himself for his animosity and hurry, for his disrespect to the council, and his injustice towards his pastor. Edwards was now dead: but he says that he made the substance of the same confessions to him in writing before he (Edwards) left Stockbridge; and that Edwards, from his great candor and charity, forgave him, and prayed for him; yet, because this was not generally known, he looked on himself as obliged to take further steps. Therefore, for all these his great sins, he humbly and earnestly asked forgiveness of God, and of the relatives and near friends of Edwards, of his adherents, of the council, and of all Christian people to whom the transactions were known.

This is testimony of the first quality for the substantial righteousness of Edwards's cause. And this, so far as we know, is the only repentance that came from the people of Northampton. A bitter memory was left there until these things were forgotten.

His treatise "On the Qualifications for Full Communion in the Visible Church," which was published during the controversy in 1749, was a work of great practical value. It changed by slow degrees the opinions of the ministers of New England, until the practice which unsettled Edwards fell entirely into disuse. Afterwards, in 1752, another writing of his on the same subject was published, in reply to the

Rev. Solomon Williams, who had undertaken to defend in print the half-way covenant.

After this dismission, Edwards remained a few months in Northampton; and while the larger part of the people were unwilling that he should preach for them, and preferred having no preaching at all to his occupying the pulpit, a few wished him to remain and gather a separate congregation. This, by the advice of a council of ministers, he was led to negative; and his views were ere long turned to another quarter by a proposition from the people of Stockbridge that he should become their minister, and by an offer, from the commissioners at Boston of the "Society in London for propagating the Gospel in New England and the Parts Adjacent," of the appointment of missionary to the Housatonic Indians who were settled there and in the neighborhood. Having spent the first months of 1751 in preaching at Stockbridge both to the white settlers, and, through an interpreter, to the Indians, he returned to his family at Northampton, and soon afterwards decided to remove to his new field. This was effected in August, 1751. One of the chief movers in these new arrangements seems to have been Samuel Hopkins, his friend and scholar, then settled at what is now Great Barrington. The salary of Edwards was to be drawn from three sources, — the contributions of the people, the money coming from the Society for propagating the Gospel, and an additional sum devoted to the benefit of the Indians by the legislature of the Colony. The amount derived from the people was (probably in sterling value) 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, besides 2*l.* for wood, — a very small sum, no doubt. But it must be remembered that the settle-

ment was in its infancy, on the frontiers of civilization, at a distance from the market.* Edwards had left the largest salary paid by any New-England inland parish, from which he had saved enough to procure a homestead and build a house. As this property could not be turned into money all at once, his family was considerably embarrassed for a time in regard to the means of support. He tells his father, in a letter written not long after his removal, that he was then, on account of the removal and of giving an outfit to two recently-married daughters, about two thousand pounds of provincial money in debt; that is, perhaps, not far from thirty-five hundred dollars. The necessity of extreme economy at this time appears in the daughters of the family making embroidery and other articles of ornament for sale at Boston, and in his own use for his private writings of every scrap of paper which he could save.

The mission among the Housatonic, River, or Stockbridge Indians, seems to have been first thought of in a practical way by the Rev. Samuel Hopkins of Springfield (that is, now West Springfield), a brother-in-law of Edwards. In 1734, Oct. 13, John Sergeant, then a tutor in Yale College, preached to the Indians in Housatonnuck for the first time; and Mr. Timothy Woodbridge of Springfield began soon after to take care of the Indian school,—a work to which he devoted himself with energy and success during Sergeant's life, and Edwards's stay in Stockbridge, to whom he showed himself a most trusty and helpful friend. Mr. Sergeant was ordained and regularly

* Miss Jones's History of Stockbridge, p. 156.

intrusted with the mission the next year. The removal of the mission to Stockbridge was a little subsequent.

Mr. Sergeant learned the Indian language so as to use it with a moderate degree of fluency and correctness. The results of his work are thus summed up by Samuel Hopkins of West Springfield, in his historical memoirs of the mission :* " I cannot think that any judicious person, upon mature consideration, will judge [that] that which has been brought to pass by Mr. Sergeant's ministry among the Indians is small and inconsiderable. In the year 1734, when he first went to those Indians, their number, great and small, was short of fifty, and they [were] in the depths of barbarity. In the year 1749, when he died, they were increased to two hundred and eighteen. One hundred and eighty-two Indians had been baptized by him, and a church consisting of forty-two Indian communicants commemorated the sufferings of Christ at the Lord's table. Mr. Woodbridge's school (separate from the boarding-school) had belonging to it fifty-five scholars, who were taught to read and write, and were instructed in the principles of religion. We, in this part of the country, have seen nothing like it respecting the poor natives who live upon our borders. And if Mr. Sergeant's life had been spared to have prosecuted the affair of the boarding-school according to his intention, and with his wonted wisdom, prudence, and skill, is it not highly probable that we should by this time have seen a considerable number of the Indian youth educated there in labor, industry, and good hus-

* The preface is dated at Springfield in 1752, while his brother-in-law Edwards was in Sergeant's place.

bandry, as well as in learning, who probably might have proved not only useful members of society, but also of the Church of Christ?"

The boarding-school spoken of in this passage was one projected by the Rev. Isaac Hollis of London in 1736, and actually begun in 1738 on the scale of a support for twelve boys. The fortunes of this school were various. For a while, the scholars were instructed in Connecticut by a man who had acquired, during a captivity among the Mohawks, some knowledge of their language. Then the instructor removed to Stockbridge, where a schoolhouse was put up under Mr. Sergeant's directions. Near the close of his life, the missionary intended to go into the country of the Six Nations for the purpose of persuading them to send their children to the boarding-school. This was done after his death, when Edwards was placed in charge of the mission. Some twenty came at first; then others joined them, until the number arose to ninety. The native Indians offered a portion of their lands to settlers from the Mohawk country: few, however, were ready to leave their homes. The instructor, who was an uneducated and incompetent man, was removed; and a young man of college-training, afterwards set apart for the missionary-work, was put in his place. He subsequently left Stockbridge for a mission among the Onoquaugahs under the direction of the commissioners, and the boarding-school dwindled away. A third school, for female Indian children, projected by benevolent persons in London, was never, I believe, actually set up.

The success of the missions during the few years of the ministry of Edwards at Stockbridge was small.

This was due partly to the nature of the work; partly to the war between Great Britain and France, which excited and disaffected the savages all over the land; partly to the schemes of interested persons, which he was obliged to counteract, but which alienated the Indians, and put repeated obstacles in his way.* His duties, besides those of an ordinary parish-minister, consisted in preaching to the Indians, through an interpreter, once a week to the Housatonics, and once to the Mohawks, and in catechising their children. Of his work he writes thus to his friend Erskine in 1755: "The business of the Indian mission, since I have been here, has been attended with strange embarrassments, such as I never could have expected or even dreamed of, — coming from such a quarter, that I take no delight in being very particular and explicit upon it." He then adds new causes of anxiety; as the killing of an Indian in the woods by two wayfarers; the attack of certain Canada Indians upon the settlement, and their slaughter of four persons. The place needed, in fact, the presence of a military force for its defence. At this time Mr. Hawley was among the Six Nations, who were in doubt whether to adhere to England or France. "It seems to be the most critical season," continues Edwards, "with the British dominions in America, that ever was seen since the first settlement of these colonies; and all, probably, will depend on the warlike transactions of the present year." But it was not until four years afterwards that Gen. Wolfe decided the fate of America, and established the power of Great Britain on the North-American continent.

* See note at end of the discourse.

During the time of his ministry at Stockbridge, Edwards had leisure to take up again some of those lines of speculation which had employed many of his retired hours, and from which the controversy at Northampton had diverted him. "The Treatise on the Will," which he commenced in August, 1752, but soon laid aside for some time on account of "extraordinary avocations and hinderances," was taken up in earnest in the November following, and finished in the first draft by or before April 14, 1753; on which day he writes to a Scotch friend that he is sending the proposals for subscription to Boston to be printed. It was published early in 1754. After an illness of more than six months from chills and fever, he began two others of his speculative treatises, "The Dissertation concerning the End for which God created the World," and that "Concerning the Nature of Virtue," which were not given to the public until long after his death. In 1756, he must have composed the greater part of his treatise "On Original Sin," the preface to which bears date May 26, 1757, and which was first printed in 1758.

A few months after the completion of this fourth of his leading essays in scientific theology, his son-in-law, Aaron Burr, president of the college in New Jersey, died; and, two days afterwards, the corporation of the college elected Edwards to be the president. His reputation justified this choice. He had been brought into close relations long before with ministers and others in New Jersey. He was looked upon as a champion of those Calvinistic views from which the two colleges of New England had been charged with having swerved, and which were one cause of the

establishment of the younger college. The appointment, however, according to Hopkins, — an excellent authority, — was not a little surprising. Indeed, we learn the same from that remarkable letter of Oct. 19, 1757, in which Edwards gives the reasons of his hesitation to accept the offer, and wishes for time to take counsel of his friends. The reasons are, first, the inconveniences and losses of removing; next the sense of his unfitness; and then the studies and writings which he had set his heart to complete. He says on the point of his unfitness, "I have a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits, often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor, with a disagreeable dulness and stiffness, much unfitting me for conversation, but especially for the government of a college. I am also deficient in some parts of learning, particularly in algebra and the higher parts of mathematics, and in the Greek classics, my Greek learning having been chiefly in the New Testament."

Having thus analyzed his constitution according to an exploded medical theory, and summed up his amount of academical learning, he goes on to speak of something dear, no doubt, to his heart, and entering into his view of his very life-work. His habit had ever been, he says, to think with his pen in his hand; and the more he thought and wrote, the more and wider the field opened. He desired to consider in writing all those other main points between the Arminians and Calvinists on which he had not already published. He had on his mind and heart a great work, which he

calls a "History of the Work of Redemption centring in Christ;" as well as another great (i.e., large or long) work, — "A Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," in which the prophecies, the types, the doctrines and precepts, of the Jewish economy were to be considered in their relations to the new dispensation. His heart is so much in these studies, he says, that he could not consent to preclude himself from pursuing them further; and, if he should "see light to accept the place offered to him," he would not consider it in his way "to spend time in constant teaching of the languages, except the Hebrew, which [he] would be willing to improve himself in by instructing others."

To decide the question, whether he ought to leave his present charge, a council was called on the 4th of January, 1758; and the opinion was, that it was his duty to go to Princeton. He acquiesced, but not without bursting into tears when he heard their sentence, and remarking that he wondered they attached no more weight to his objections. He resigned his positions of minister, and superintendent of the mission, — having obtained the consent of his people and of the commissioners in Boston, — and went to Nassau Hall, leaving his family at Stockbridge to follow him in the spring. His stay there and on earth was short. He preached in the college-hall, and gave out some questions in divinity to the senior class; which they answered, and then received his remarks. He had apparently formed no settled plans for the future; when, in consequence of the appearance of the small-pox at Princeton, he, having never been inoculated, proposed to submit to this treatment, if the physician should advise it, and the corporation give their con-

sent. He was accordingly inoculated on the 13th of February. "Although he had the small-pox favorably," — we quote the words of his physician, Dr. Shippen, — "yet, having a number of them in the roof of his mouth and throat, he could not possibly swallow a sufficient quantity of drink to keep off a secondary fever, which has proved too strong for his feeble frame; and this afternoon (March 22, 1758), between two and three o'clock, it pleased God to let him sleep in that dear Lord Jesus whose kingdom and interest he has been faithfully and painfully serving all his life." Two daughters were with him in Princeton. When death drew nigh, he said to one of them, "It seems to me to be the will of God that I must shortly leave you: therefore give my kindest love to my dear wife, and tell her that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature, as, I trust, is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever; and I hope she will be supported under so great a trial, and submit cheerfully to the will of God." His last words — and he uttered but little in his illness — were spoken when certain persons who looked for his speedy death were lamenting the calamity to the college: they were, "Trust in God, and ye need not fear."

His death was preceded a few days by that of his father, in his eighty-ninth year; and, about a fortnight afterwards, his daughter, Mrs. Burr, followed him, — mother of that ill-fated man whose name no descenddant transmits, — at the age of twenty-seven. His wife reached Princeton the next autumn in order to take charge of Mrs. Burr's two children; and went on with them to Philadelphia, where she was attacked

with a dysentery which soon proved fatal. She was in her forty-ninth year. Pres. Edwards was in his fifty-fifth year. She was buried in Princeton by her husband's side.

Thus, at an age when neither the faculties of mind nor the power of doing good to men had been at all abridged, when with the continuance of life there had been promise even of larger things, one passed away who is generally reckoned among the very foremost divines of the Protestant churches, and who certainly has had no superior in America. Of his theological opinions I shall not distinctively speak: that is expected to fall to the part of some one else in the present gathering. I shall have fulfilled what I conceive to be my part if I close this discourse by a few brief strokes, setting forth his mind, character, and influence, so far as I have been able to penetrate into them.

And this regret I must express at the outset, that so few minor points of his character can be detected by the help of his life or of his letters. The man of thirteen or fourteen hours of daily study, who left all domestic concerns to his wife, so as, according to his friend Dr. Hopkins, not even to know "how many milk-kine he had;" who rarely visited his people; who was absorbed in the speculations of theology and the duties of the ministry, — such a man is apt to live at a distance from us: "he [is] a separate star, and dwells apart." We seek for something specifically human on which our sympathies can fasten. We should rejoice if it had been on record, that, tired of endless thought, he read the English poets; or indulged in repartee, and did not disrelish a joke; or

was all alive to the glories of the sky and the hills; or, like his grandson Pres. Dwight, loved conversation, and felt an interest in all the subjects of common life. There was in his way of life, we fear, too much absorption in one thing for healthy development; too much repression of natural qualities in the endeavor after a perfect conformity of will and soul to the will of God. Or, at least, his greatness in other respects overshadowed these special traits to the view of those who knew him best; and they are lost to the knowledge of posterity. Probably the first was true. He and others among the best Puritans of New England succeeded in the crowning struggle of the human soul to rise above earthly things, and to lead a spiritual life on the principles of Christ's gospel. But as a ship in a storm is forced to throw away some of its less essential freight in order to save the more precious, so they sacrificed what is akin to the human for converse with the divine. To unite the two is perfection; and so they reached it only on one side.

The portrait of Pres. Edwards reveals to us, I think, clearness of intellect, purity, mildness, and the sway of the idea. He was over six feet in height, with a body emaciated by study, and naturally feeble, yet capable at his death of as long-sustained exertion as he was in his youth. He seems to have kept up his health by solitary riding; in which, however, instead of giving himself up to the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, he carried with him his pack of problems and texts for the food of his soul. He was no ascetic in his habits of life; yet he followed the rigid purposes of his youth in his rules of diet. He lived hospitably, and gave freely.

No one will doubt that a large measure of the qualities of clearness and penetration, of whatever constitutes logical power, belonged to Pres. Edwards. On this I need not dwell: but what has been already noticed is less obvious, — that he had natively the gift of observation also; that, even from early youth, he could watch natural objects, collect the leading facts, and arrange them for their appropriate inferences.

Another characteristic of his mind, as it strikes me, was a tendency toward the ideal. He had a high standard in all things, and a sense of spiritual beauty, which were native ornaments of his religious life. With this was united a leaning towards the mystical, slight indeed, and in a manner controlled by his logic, but enough to give a hue to his mind, which modified the rationalism so common to Calvinistic theologians. His sermon "On the Reality of Spiritual Light" will illustrate what I mean. He held that a soul is initiated into the knowledge of God by an interior perception answering to the perceptions of the senses. He united the traits of Paul and John, and was under the sway of the theologies of both these apostles.

It is remarkable how comprehensive his mind was, both in its cravings for knowledge until he confined himself chiefly to divine truth, and, in its demands after his ministry began, that he should accomplish himself as a theologian at every point. This, of course, his high standard also, and his sense of obligation, would prompt him to reach. It is noteworthy, that all his first works were practical, and grew out of experience. He analyzed revivals; studied their phenomena; separated what is from man in them, and

what is from God. He saw with a far-reaching eye the tendencies of the wildness and fanaticism in 1740–42 ; and taught the Church what to desire, and what to fear. He felt that many were self-deceived ; and this led him to his work on the affections. He tried the terms of communion at Northampton ; and, finding them wanting, appealed to New England in favor of another discipline. When a missionary at Stockbridge, he saw all the obstacles in the way of success arising from the methods of instruction ; watched the French intrigues with the Indians, and guided the views of men abroad and at home into the best measures for Christianizing the sons of the forest. His theology again shows his comprehensiveness by being biblical as well as metaphysical. The Bible being his foundation, he studied it intently, and wrote those thoughts on the types of the Messiah which were first published about forty years since. But his "History of Redemption," of which we have spoken before, shows, more than any of his works, the scope of his mind. That the theologian in the wilderness, who had few if any good guides in history, should not only conceive of a work on so grand a plan, but regard it as of such importance as to be willing to decline the most honorable calls to a larger field of usefulness, rather than leave it in an imperfect state, — this, I think, will lead us to rate the largeness of his mind as high as his logical and speculative faculty.

Of the traits which appeared in Pres. Edwards's character, we have already said that they seem to us to unite female softness with masculine vigor. He was shy, desponding, tender, yet positive ; strong in his convictions, and firm. His tenderness, united

with gentleness and meekness, appears in several passages of his life. He speaks of "turns of weeping and crying for his sins" (Dwight, i. 134); he wept, as we have seen, when the council decided that his duty was to go to Princeton: and, in all his controversies, there appears meekness and self-control. Yet he was firm; and the impression seems to have been made on those who differed from him, that he was unyielding. I should not wonder if they were right. He saw clearly; he relied on his conclusions; he followed out his convictions: why should he be yielding in matters of truth and of duty?

His religious character shines forth with no unsteady or fitful light from the last year of his college-life until his dying day, and calls, perhaps, after what has been said in several places of this discourse, for no especial remark. It united principle and feeling. He laid down rules for himself in regard to every part of Christian living, and kept to them with strict consistency. It was comprehensive, like his mind. Towards God he shows the submission and veneration of a lofty soul, that longed to be swallowed up in the divine excellence and beauty. Benevolence, or love to being in general as he called it, was his idea of virtue, which he strove to realize. It was uniform, so that all Christian excellence appeared in his life. It was, however, severe, and, one might say, almost ascetic: a rigorous self-analysis, daily habits of self-examination, a high standard of attainment, intense convictions of the evil that was in his nature, made it a religion of struggle for something higher, of grave and earnest duty, more than of serenity and heavenly joy.

And, now, how shall we estimate the influence he has had, especially his influence on religious life and thought in New England? Here we are to take into account the general fact, that *any* influence, the work of thinking or of acting done by *any* man, is distinct and separate at first, but ere long mingles with the stream of thought, and, having moulded other minds, operates on mankind through them, even when they modify, or in part abandon, his system. That Edwards has had a leading influence will be admitted by all. Let us look at some of the particulars of which it consists.

As a *minister*, his great work was preaching; and it must be admitted that neither his style, which was wanting in more than one respect, nor his manner of reading his little pages, covered with almost microscopic characters, with one elbow resting on the desk, and the other hand seldom lifted up in gesture, nor the great length of his sermons, which sometimes were two hours in the delivery, would be endured at the present time.* It must be added, also, that his delineations of the anger of God, and of the punish-

* Dr. Hopkins says that he "had the most universal character of a good preacher of almost any minister in [his] age;" and ascribes his eminence to his great pains in composing his sermons, especially in the first part of his life; to his *great* acquaintance with divinity, his study and knowledge of the Bible, his extensive knowledge and great clearness of thought, and to his deep religious experience. He was not, in delivering his sermons, Hopkins adds, so confined to his notes as not to give expression to thoughts occurring while he was speaking; nor did he prefer preaching with notes in itself, but, "in the latter part of his life, was inclined to think it had been better if he had never accustomed himself to use notes at all." But the alternative in his mind was committing written sermons to memory, and not delivering them unwritten after careful thought.

ment of the wicked, were strong, severe, and even harrowing; going far beyond what the purposes of teaching from the pulpit require; still farther beyond what an age like ours, of tender benevolence, with no strong-backed sense of justice, could endure. And yet, without proper eloquence, or charm of style or of manner, he was a mighty preacher for his day, and was so regarded. Dr. Hopkins says that "most admired him beyond all that ever they heard." His noted sermon, preached at Enfield, in Connecticut, according to Trumbull, the historian of that State (vol. ii. chap. 8), so affected the audience, there was such breathing of distress, that the preacher was obliged to speak to the people, and desire silence, that he might be heard." He adds, that this was the beginning of the revival in that parish. The account of this scene by an actor in it, while it differs in some points from Trumbull's statement, confirms it in the main point,—as it regards the amazing impression that was made.* This impressiveness we have already ascribed

* The account of this occurrence, given by Dr. Stephen Williams of Longmeadow, Mass., kindly communicated to me by Rev. J. W. Harding of that place, runs as follows, under date of July 8, 1741: "We returned to Mr. R.'s, and dined; and then went over to Enfield, and here met dear Mr. E. of N. H., who preached a most awakening sermon from Deut. xxxii. 35: and, before sermon, [there was] a great mourning and crying out throughout the whole house, 'What shall I do to be saved? Oh! I am going to hell! Oh! what shall I do without Christ?' &c.; so that the minister was obliged to desist. The shrieks and cries were piercing and amazing. After some time of waiting, the congregation were still, so that a prayer was made by Mr. W. [i.e., by himself]; and after that we descended from the pulpit, and discoursed with the people, some in one place, and some in another," &c. From this it would appear that the services were interrupted, and probably not finished. It is also probable that the people were already in an excited condition. Edwards, it should be

to his intense convictions, and to the intellectual power which was in him, and which, in its way of manifesting itself, was suited to the people whom he addressed. Had he lived a century later, the impressiveness would not have been lost, but would have reached its mark by another style and manner.

The influence of Pres. Edwards, again, was predominant in various departments of practical theology. In this, probably, we shall find the most lasting contribution that he made to the churches of New England; I may say, of our whole country. The first, as we have seen, to explore revivals; the first to sound a warning against their evils, while he believed in them as a work of God; the first to oppose effectually and overthrow the opinion that the Lord's Supper was a converting ordinance; the first, or among the first, on this side of the Atlantic, to recommend a universal concert of prayer, — he, in one or more of these ways, entered into every parish, and affected the views and usages of every minister in New England. And this was an influence almost exclusively good.

His power, again, is shown by the number of men, especially of young men, whom he drew into the circle of his influence, and whose minds got from him their leading stimulus. Notwithstanding his disadvantages for wielding a strong personal power, he really formed a school from which many of the great preachers and thinkers of New England proceeded. Hopkins of Great Barrington, afterwards of Newport, and Bellamy

observed, did not generally aim at arousing strong feeling, but gave a simple yet amplified exhibition of the truths of religion as he understood them.

of Bethlehem, were his especial friends, and embraced the main points of his theology; not to mention his son, the younger Pres. Edwards, and others whom his works instructed, and who handed down his spirit to younger generations. From this school came the more earnest preachers of New England, — the active, aggressive men, with whom *disinterested benevolence* was not a theory, but a law.

Doubtless it was, more than any thing else, the theological power of Edwards that drew these congenial minds to him. Through them, his theories on the nature of moral agency and of the freedom of the will, on God's end in creation, on the nature of virtue, on original sin, became the staple of thought in New England, were introduced too much into the pulpit, and have had a decided effect on religious character. In the course of time, these followers have more or less modified the system of their master. They have discarded his doctrine of original sin, especially his old Calvinistic views of imputation. They have gone beyond him in explanations of the atonement; and here his own son, a man of powerful mind, led the way. They have more recently, some of them, set aside his theory of the will. These and other changes of doctrine are due to his spirit. Meanwhile they carried practical views borrowed from him to an extreme, as on the point of disinterested benevolence. In all this I seem to see several new tendencies impressed on religious life. First, there is a tendency in a greater degree towards the subjective in religion. This is good; but when it impels the mind into self-analysis, and continual examination of motives, may end in great evil. Again: there is a tendency to

greater activity in religious life. This is due to the putting of benevolence as a leading idea into the place which faith took among earlier Protestants ; and hence spring with the more ease the thousand efforts to do good which have emanated in New England. This is the glory of New England ; but it may run out into work without thought, undervaluing of doctrine, a superficial form of Christianity.

But, whatever a future age may think of the system of doctrines which was received by the school of Edwards, it will not deny to him a singular purity and holiness of life, a practical wisdom as great as his power in metaphysical science, and a certain adaptation to his times and the circumstances where he was called to work, which made him as much the benefactor of his times as his great views in theology and great logical power made him a man for all times. And for this double power we honor him ; for his godliness we revere him.

NOTE. — Dr. S. E. Dwight gives the impression, as it seems to me, that all the opposition to Edwards at Stockbridge arose from a single man, who aimed at making money out of the Indians, and was thwarted in his unrighteousness by Edwards's rigid rectitude. The rest of the settlers, except this family, were on the side of Edwards. But it can be made out, I think, that the partisans of a half-way covenant, and of another type of theology, were not prepared to welcome him before he was called to preach in the place. One of them, who says, in one letter, "Call me any thing else [but a new light], and I will excuse you," in another, dated Nov. 6, 1750, writes as follows : "The worthy deacon" (i.e., Timothy Woodbridge, the Indian schoolmaster) "pressed Edwards on the commissioners. ——, ——, and —— are bitter against it : first, as he does not know the language ; second, because they do not like the man." "How unsuitable a person is Mr. Edwards on almost every account for this business ! I have not time so much as to mention a hundred things that I could talk a day upon." "Can't the commissioners be led to think it of the last impor-

tance that a gentleman should be young in order to be [soon] expert (?) in the language; should be of a generous, catholic spirit, not only to recommend himself and mission to the prince and others abroad, but [to] do forty times as much good at home?"

"Mr. Hopkins of Springfield is far from thinking his brother-[in-law] proper to come here. He freely told Mr. Woodbridge so. But he [Woodbridge] can get the Indians to say just what he bids them; and their humble petition with his earnest desire will be sufficient for the purpose. Our neighbor, Mr. Hopkins (Dr. Hopkins, afterwards of Newport), is deeply engaged with him. Mr. Hopkins of Springfield is so nearly related, that I fear he will be loath to act against his brother-[in-law]," &c.

But the prejudice wore off in part. The same person writes, Feb. 15, 1751, "Mr. Edwards is now with us. He has conducted with wisdom and prudence; and, I must confess, I am not a little disappointed in him. He is learned, polite, and free in conversation, and more catholic than I had supposed."

In 1754 there is another outburst of dislike. A letter of Aug. 6 contains these words: "They [our difficulties] are altogether of an ecclesiastic kind, too many to be enumerated, too base to be named. Mr. Edwards and his abetters, by these deep-concerted schemes, have induced Mr. Hollis to submit himself with his whole charity and yearly donations into the hands of Mr. Edwards, to be disposed of entirely agreeable to the judgment and humor of his own mind. Upon the receipt of his orders, the school [the Hollis boarding-school] suddenly broke up. Soon after, all the families, with their children, went home to Onoquaugah and Canajohary."

It was reasonable to make objections to Edwards on account of his age, and ignorance of the language at such an age. But theological and perhaps family dislikes shine through these letters. As for "deep-concerted schemes," any one who will read chapters 26–28 of Dr. Dwight's biography of his great-grandfather will see that they were upright attempts to throw off more than one incubus from the mission. There is no evidence that he had any thing of trick in his character. His opinion was, perhaps, a wrong one, — that the Indians ought to be made to learn English. He thereby condemned his predecessor. But he sent his own son among the Indians of New York to learn their language.

When this discourse was finished, the following hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung. It was written by Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw of Ottawa, Ill., one of the family, who, however, was unable to be present.

HYMN.

In days and years long since gone by,
Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place;
Alike when joy and grief were nigh,
The refuge of our name and race.

Who, who should bless thy holy name,
Who yearn to thee with pure desires,
And who thy faithfulness proclaim,
If not the children of our sires?

They for their portion chose thee, Lord;
And we, their seed, renew the choice:
They rested on thy covenant-word;
We in that covenant rejoice.

To-day we gather round thy feet,
On the long years we backward gaze,
With hearts too full for utterance meet,
With thoughts of joy, and hymns of praise.

Seed of the righteous, wake, oh! wake
To grateful songs and ardent prayers.
God owns us for our fathers' sake:
The Lord is ours, as he was theirs.

The time for adjournment had now arrived. But, before it took place, the Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, chairman of the Committee of Entertainment, rose, and extended an invitation to the family and to the strangers present to partake of refreshment during the recess, at tables spread under the mammoth tent on the green grass by the side of the church.

The meeting was then adjourned to two o'clock, P.M. When the company of four or five hundred was seated, the president called upon Rev. Dr. Prime of New York to invoke the divine blessing.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At two, P.M., the meeting came to order; the president in the chair. It had been arranged that four or five epochs or periods of the life of Edwards should be presented somewhat in detail by about the same number of gentlemen, that the salient points of those periods might be brought into stronger relief than would otherwise be practicable.

Rev. Increase N. Tarbox, D.D., of Boston, himself a native of East Windsor, was invited to present the early life of Edwards. His graphic delineations will be read with deep interest.

I. N. TARBOX, D.D.,

ON THE EARLY LIFE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

It was at the close of one of the longest and hottest days of last June, just as the sun was going down, that I stood in the old burying-ground of East Windsor, Conn., amid some of the early graves of the Edwards family. Any one who has passed along the road from East-Windsor Hill toward Hartford may remember this ancient grave-yard on the west side of the way, about half a mile below the buildings formerly occupied by the Connecticut Theological Institute. The spot long since ceased to be used as a common place

for burial. It is kept neatly though plainly enclosed; and, within, every thing bears the marks of a rude and simple antiquity. [These are not, it is true, the oldest graves in the town, since the earliest burial-place was on the other side of the river. This lot was opened not far from the year 1700.] Often as I had passed this spot in my early life, I never realized until recently how beautiful it is for situation, especially under certain conditions of light and shade. From the back side of this lot, the ground falls off suddenly down to the broad meadow-lands skirting the Connecticut. Standing upon the very place where these graves are found, the eye has an easy and comprehensive sweep across these wide and rich meadows, far away to the western hills. In the freshness of its June beauty, and with the glory of its summer culture upon it, especially when seen in the soft light of the setting sun, it would be hard to find a landscape over which the eye ranges with more delight.

Bending over these weather-beaten and moss-grown stones, and reading the simple inscriptions upon them, one seems to be borne far away from all the associations of our own noisy, changing, bustling age, back to a period of ancient stability and rest. There rises before us the picture of a long and venerable life, passing quietly with the quiet years.

On this massive, horizontal slab, lifted upon its four pillars, one reads how Rev. Mr. Timothy Edwards died and was buried here in 1758, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, and in the sixty-fourth of his ministry. By the side of this monument, on a stone once upright, but now swayed and bent by the frosts of many winters, we spell out with difficulty the inscrip-

tion which tells us that Mrs. Esther Edwards, daughter of Rev. Mr. Stoddard of Northampton, and the consort of Rev. Timothy Edwards of Windsor, died twelve years after her husband, in 1770, in the ninety-ninth year of her age. Three other rude headstones mark the graves of Mary, Lucy, and Jerusha Edwards, the three daughters who died unmarried.

The meeting-house in which Mr. Timothy Edwards fulfilled his long ministry was at the north-east corner of this lot. There were two meeting-houses, indeed, during Mr. Edwards's time, both built upon this same spot, — the one a rough, unfinished structure, lasting some fifteen or twenty years through the day of small things; the other a building of more pretension, having the stately proportions of "forty feet square." This last continued till Mr. Edwards's death. Just after his death, as a new parish had now been formed in the northern part of the town, the natural place for the meeting-house in the south part was some two miles below, where it was built in 1760, near the spot on which the present meeting-house in South Windsor stands. Here and there, in my own early life, there were elderly men and women in East Windsor, who, in *their* early life, attended upon the ministry of Mr. Edwards. And there were still more who well remembered Mrs. Edwards, living on to the great age of ninety-nine, and who was always, but especially in her latter years, held in peculiar reverence. It is a fresh and well-remembered tradition, how the women of the parish used to gather about her, day by day, in her old age, as around some heavenly oracle, to minister to her earthly comfort, and to catch her elevated and saintly conversation.

The dwelling-house occupied by the Edwards family was on the other side of the road from the meeting-house, and a little way below. It was a most substantial house for those times.

It was built in 1694 or 1695, and lasted till about the year 1810. The old people now living in that vicinity remember well the antique structure as it appeared in the early years of the present century. On the spot where it stood, using, if I mistake not, the identical cellar, there was afterwards erected a plain, one-story house, which yet remains. It may serve to show the changes wrought by time when we state that this house is now occupied by one of our adopted fellow-citizens from old Ireland, by the name of Mr. Christopher McNary. Though he lives upon a spot that is famous, he seems not to be aware of his privileges in this regard. He is not well read up in the Edwardean history. The associations of the past disturb him not. Though his name bears the plucky Scotch prefix of *Mc*, yet he gives no signs, as yet, of writing a treatise "On the Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral." Nay, he hardly takes thought enough upon such subjects even to illustrate Pres. Edwards's treatise "Concerning the Nature of True Virtue." Like most of his neighbors, whether native or foreign-born, I am sorry to say, he finds his chief occupation in raising tobacco.

But we must go back a little, in order to compass clearly the matters we have in hand. Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," gives us a list of the churches in the four New-England colonies, with their ministers, as they stood in the year 1696. In the Connecticut list we read, "Windsor, Mr. Samuel Mather, H. C.,

and Farme, Mr. Timothy Edwards, H. C." Windsor was the oldest English settlement in the little State of Connecticut. As the town was originally laid out, it was a large tract, some twelve or fifteen miles square on both sides of the river, and covering one of the richest portions of that fertile valley. [On this territory, at the time the white settlements began, the Indians were congregated in numbers which for them, with their habits of life, were very unusual. They had been attracted thither by the beauty of the landscape, by the excellent fishing and hunting grounds, by the genial and sunny aspects of Nature, and by the productiveness of the soil, which was easily worked, and on which their corn would grow to perfection.] The first white settlements were on the west side of the river. There the first church was planted under the pastoral care of Rev. John Warham in 1635, — a church that was formed in England in 1630, coming over to the new world in a body, and stopping for a time at Dorchester, and afterwards removing to Windsor. The old burying-yard in Windsor marks the spot where the first settlers made their habitations. This elevated ground, with the Farmington River coming in on one side, was fortified by a trench and palisades for protection against the Indians. But the wide meadows on the other side of the river were rich and attractive ; and, as the years passed on, the settlers went over to establish themselves upon these fertile lands. We have just noticed, that, in Cotton Mather's numeration of the churches in the year 1696, this region east of the river, which was afterwards the town of East Windsor, is called the "Windsor Farme," — a most appropriate designation,

as any one will feel who rides along the valley to-day on the east side, and takes note of the natural beauty and richness of those lands. And so it happened, that, between the years 1635 and 1694, there had grown up a population on the east side of considerable extent, the scattered farm-houses reaching up and down the river over a range of some seven or eight miles. This population, for the most part, was stretched along in a line, just up on the second bank above the floods. The farms were made up in part of these wide and rich bottom-lands along the river, and in part of these dryer and sandier uplands. During all these years, up to 1694, the dwellers on the east side had attended church upon the other side. Thither their dead had been borne for burial. In heat and cold and storm, they had crossed and recrossed in boats, — nothing like a bridge over this broad river being yet thought of. Those who are acquainted with the shape of the ground and the operations of Nature along that valley will understand that this passing of the river back and forth was at all times laborious, frequently it was difficult and dangerous, and sometimes it was well-nigh impossible. In the great floods of the winter and spring, and in the breaking-up of the ice, the dwellers on the one side would be cut off from intercourse with those upon the other side.

About the year 1680 there began to be a movement looking to a separate parish on the east side of the river. Some of the early efforts failed. In 1691 a petition was sent in to the General Court, and in this we have a clew to the population: "God having increased the number of our families to above fifty,

wherein it is reckoned there are near three hundred persons capable of hearing the word of God to profit." It was not until the year 1694 that the prayer of the petitioners was granted and a separate parish organized.

It so happened that Timothy Edwards, son * of Richard Edwards of Hartford, and grandson of William Edwards, the first settler of the name in that city, had just completed his education, collegiate and theological, and stood ready to enter upon his life-work. Harvard was then the only college in the New-England colonies ; and there the youthful Timothy had graduated in the year 1691, at the age of twenty-two, with peculiar honors. Because of the accuracy and superiority of his scholarship, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. were both conferred upon him on his graduating-day, — a mark of approbation never before shown, it is said, to a student at the college. After graduating, he had given long and careful attention to theological studies ; and, when the parish of Windsor Farme was ready for its first minister, he was just ready for his first and only parish. And so the two were brought together. No sooner was this arrangement made than another important step was taken. The young minister went up to Northampton, and, from the parsonage-house with its twelve children, brought away the second, Esther Stoddard, to share the joys and sorrows of his new life. She was then

* It is an interesting circumstance, that, as Jonathan Edwards was the great-grandson of William Edwards, known as the settler, so his wife, Sarah Pierrepont, was the great-granddaughter of Rev. Thomas Hooker, the first minister of Hartford. The town of Hartford was the ancestral home of both.

twenty-three years old, and he twenty-five. She had been at school at Boston, and had received there the best education which New England could then give. It is no very rash supposition, perhaps, to conjecture that the incipient stages of this courtship were gone through with while Timothy was a member of Harvard College, and Esther was a school-girl in the neighboring city. Such things have been, are now; and "there is nothing new under the sun." Still, in coming down to grace the East-Windsor parsonage, she was coming amid ancestral associations; for her mother was born and reared on the other side of the river, being the daughter of Rev. Mr. Warham, and she, too, bearing the beautiful name of Esther.

Richard Edwards, the father, was disposed to make the most generous provisions for a son whom he loved, and who had done honor to his family by his course at Harvard. Being a substantial Christian merchant of Hartford, so soon as Timothy had arranged to settle in the ministry at East Windsor, he came up and purchased a farm of good proportions, and built the house which has already been described. These he gave to his son, that his ministerial life might have a basis of strength and respectability. It must be confessed that Mr. Edwards began his ministry here under most happy auspices.

Into this newly-formed household the children came according to the laws of ancient order. Eleven were born into it in the course of twenty-one years, no one of whom died in infancy or childhood. The earliest break in the circle was made by the death of Jerusha, the eighth child, dying when near the age of twenty, in the year 1729. For thirty-five years, into

this family, embracing at last thirteen individuals, the shadow of death had not intruded.

In this household, the fifth child and the only son was that illustrious person whose greatness we celebrate here to-day. When we consider the general conditions of life and society about him, how little there was to stir the imagination and stimulate intellectual growth, it certainly seems a strange thing, that on this spot, and in these circumstances, a child should be born who should grow into the stateliest proportions, and be recognized far and wide in the earth as one of the greatest masters of human thought. Every thing around him, during the period of his childhood, was in the very shadows of the wilderness. As he went up from sabbath to sabbath with his father and mother and sisters to the house of God, that house itself was so rude as to convey the idea of only a half-civilized state. Without and within it was unfinished, with no pews or seats, or even floor. Stiles, in his "History of Windsor," says, "This house, so far as we can learn, was merely a covered frame, without floor or seats; and the people sat upon the sills and sleepers." In this old parish of East Windsor, at the time of Mr. Edwards's settlement, there was a large fund of character; but it was, as yet, in the rough. Among the men and women to whom Mr. Edwards preached, there were many of great native strength; but they were occupied with plain and humble cares, such as always pertain to the early life of a new land. Here were the Ellsworths, the Wolcotts, the Bissells, the Tudors, the Stoughtons, the Bartletts, the Grants (ancestors of our President), the Phelpses, the Rockwells, the Bancrofts, the Trumbulls, and others, — names

which have always been names of dignity and worth in this land. But, so far as books and schools and arts were concerned, it was but a rude and unpolished age; and yet no age can be really rude where the open Bible is enthroned in the sanctuary and in every private dwelling, and light and instruction are daily sought from its pages.

But, however rough and unformed may have been the condition of things in the Connecticut Valley at that time, we must not forget that the parsonage-house at East Windsor was itself a little seminary, where not only the inmates of the house, but the young people from the surrounding homes, received instruction. The young minister here, as we have seen, was one of the choicest and best scholars that Harvard had then sent out; and his young wife was a pattern of grace and culture and dignity. As the children, one by one, came forward into life, they were instructed, not alone in the simple elements of knowledge, but in the higher ranges of education. It is a well-preserved item, that each of these ten daughters, in their quiet country-home, far away from cities and seminaries, received the education preparatory to entering college. As four sisters preceded the boy in the order of the family history, the eldest of these were themselves fitted to act as his instructors, and to lead him along in the paths of wisdom. In the year 1711, Mr. Edwards was absent for a time from his home by appointment of the colonial government, acting as chaplain in the army in an expedition to Canada. At that time, the boy Jonathan was eight years old. The father writes home that he wishes him and the girls to continue the study of Latin; and a few days later he

writes again, directing that Jonathan continue to recite his Latin to his elder sisters. The boy had begun this study of Latin at the age of six years; so that he was now well along in it.

This house was for many years a thorough intellectual work-shop. I have borrowed for this occasion an old manuscript-book, — a venerable Edwardean relic, — which reveals in a most simple and natural way many of the incidents of the life which was lived in the Connecticut Valley a hundred and fifty years ago. It is the account-book, in which Mr. Edwards kept a debtor and creditor account with each one of his tax-paying parishioners. This book belongs to Hon. John W. Stoughton of East-Windsor Hill, who, though not a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, is, as a host of other people are, descended from Timothy Edwards through the daughters. Mr. Edwards's parishioners paid their taxes directly to him: but they did not generally pay in money, but in the produce of the farm; in the merchandise from the store; in the work of the trades, — shoemaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, joiner-work, and the like. This is not the earliest of these account-books, since it ranges over the years from about 1723 on to 1745. Mr. Edwards was a very careful and systematic man; and no doubt he did the same thing through all his long ministry: indeed, it was a necessity in those times. While absent on the military expedition before referred to, he writes to his wife, "I would have you very careful of my books and account of rates." This book contains the names of two hundred and thirty-three persons with whom Mr. Edwards kept accounts; and many most interesting facts may be gleaned from it.

But the point we would now illustrate is the intellectual activity at the East-Windsor parsonage. A frequent item in these accounts has reference to the education given by Mr. Edwards and his daughters to the children of those scattered households. For example, in Mr. John Rockwell's account, under the date of 1723 and 1724, he is charged with the following item: —

"To teaching his son one year and eight months, — viz., his eldest son, — in all, £10. 17*s*. 6*d*."

Under date of 1732, we find the following: —

"John Diggens came to me, by his father's desire, to be instructed in the Latin tongue, &c., on a Monday. The first week, he was here but three days."

This John Diggens, son of Mr. Jeremiah Diggens, continued his studies in this line for some years; for in the year 1737 there was a reckoning, and we find the following record: —

"Reckoned with John Diggens by his father's order, and due to me for teaching him the tongues, — viz., Latin and Greek, — forty-seven weeks in all, £9. 8*s*."

By looking at the triennial catalogue of Yale, it will be seen that this same John Diggens graduates there in 1740.

They were very particular and exact in those days about the absences. Under date of March, 1732, there is this memorandum: —

"John Anderson came again to my house to board, and to learn to read, write, and cipher; and, from time to time, went home on Saturday as he wished to to do."

Farther down we read, —

"John Anderson was absent two weeks and one

day. He went home on Saturday before the election ; and, May 22, he came again."

In 1729, Major Roger Wolcott, afterwards colonial governor of Connecticut, is charged with his son Alexander's schooling ; and he also graduated at Yale in 1731. Quite a number of others are brought to view who went through the same experience. Serg. David Bissell, Mr. William Wolcott, the Widow Gaylor, all have sons who are instructed in "the tongues" by Mr. Edwards, and who afterward graduate at Yale.

Not only were the boys of his own parish thus taught, and, if they desired it, fitted for college, but from other places they came for the same purpose ; so that the East-Windsor parsonage was really the academy for that region. It is handed down as a tradition, that, when young men from under Mr. Edwards's tuition presented themselves before the authorities to be examined for entrance into college, it was felt that any lengthy examination was quite superfluous. If Mr. Edwards said they were ready for college, that was enough.

It will be seen by this review, that, however rude society may have been in the time of Jonathan Edwards's childhood and youth, his own home was one of great literary and intellectual activity. Accurate and systematic study was the order of the day in the Edwards household.

No one, however, will pretend to find the real key to Edwards's greatness in any thing merely outward. Back of all surrounding influences, we are to recognize a mind of lordly grasp and compass, — a soul endowed by its Creator with marvellous powers and capacities. From the beginning, there was an original

and masterly force which lifted him above the ordinary conditions and temptations of childhood. There was a native strength of understanding, which made him, in a great measure, a law unto himself. Still, no child, however remarkable, can be wholly independent of his surroundings; and, in the making-up of his character and destiny, we are to study these outside influences as well as the original bent of his genius.

From his early years, Jonathan Edwards was certainly most peculiarly situated as to his home-influences. Flanked by sisters on either hand, had this been a weak and sentimental household, the growing boy might easily have been petted and spoiled. When he went to college in 1716, there were four sisters on the one side, and five on the other; and little Martha, the last of the race, was born during his freshman-year. For three generations, at least, this branch of the Edwards family ran remarkably to daughters.

Mr. Hollister, in his "History of Connecticut," gives a striking passage to Jonathan Edwards; and, in the course of it, he thus beautifully alludes to the strong female influence by which this remarkable child was enveloped: "He enjoyed," says Mr. Hollister, "the rare advantage, never understood and felt except by those who have been fortunate enough to experience it, of all the softening and hallowed influences which refined female society sheds like an atmosphere of light around the mind and soul of boyhood. Had that fond mother and those loving sisters been fully aware of the glorious gifts that were even then beginning to glow in the eyes of their darling; had they

been able to see in its full blaze the immortal beauty, borrowed from the regions of spiritualized thought and hallowed affections, that was one day to encircle that forehead as with a wreath from the bowers of paradise, — they could hardly have unfolded his moral and intellectual character with more discreet care."

We have already given a general glance at the scenery that prevails along that part of the Connecticut Valley. As compared with most of our New-England country, this region would be called level; but it is not the level of the prairie. It has hills and valleys of its own; sharp inequalities of surface, affording cosey nooks and corners, romantic hiding-places in the forests; leafy dells, where the shy wood-thrushes sing, and where the little brooks ripple under the shadows. The whole region, too, is remarkably prolific in animal, insect, and vegetable life.

Just east of the spot where the old Edwards mansion stood, partly upon the Edwards farm, and partly beyond and outside of it, is one of these broken and irregular tracts of country. A traveller passing along the ancient road, up and down the river, would hardly realize in what a pleasant and romantic spot he might lose himself by passing in at the gate, and going eastward a hundred rods into the woods. One may be perfectly certain that the feet of Jonathan Edwards threaded this region in all directions. It requires, indeed, just a little stretch of imagination to think of him as setting snares in the woods to catch partridges, or as fixing his box-traps for rabbits, or as going with other boys to swim in the Connecticut. We are apt to think, even of his childhood, as sol-

emn, dignified, and stately, like those after-years when he was contending for the truth in Northampton, or writing his great works here in Stockbridge. But there is no good reason, so far as I am aware, for supposing that he did not have the playful element in him; that he was not a boy among boys; that there was not, in short, a large out-door kingdom with great and pressing interests, in which he took the keenest delight. But, however this may be, we know well that these wild woodlands must have been familiar to Edwards from his early years. His love of Nature and his kindling imagination would have led him thither, if there were no partridges or rabbits to be caught. He would be there to feel the soft influences of the shadows; to catch the notes of the different woodland birds, and learn their habits; to be acted upon by all the sights and sounds of what was then well-nigh the primeval forest. What we may call the poetic faculty was present in him in large measure. Many passages in his earlier and later life abundantly attest this. When he gave reins to his imagination, when he let his fancy loose to play upon the winds, it was seen that he could easily have taken wide and lofty flights in this ideal realm.

In men like him, where the reasoning and logical powers are in such massive proportions, and where the life naturally turns toward the *philosophical* rather than the *ideal*, we easily lose sight of that creative element of imagination which is kept so constantly in the background, and used only in the service of the other powers. If Edwards had not been the great metaphysician of America, if another bent and direction had early been given to his mind, he might have

proved the Milton of this new world, and sung songs which would have been immortal.

That he loved Nature, and looked upon her both with the æsthetic and philosophical eye, is largely attested. That he was one of the closest observers of the phenomena of the natural world is made clear by that remarkable paper on the habits of spiders, written by him, as is supposed, when he was twelve years of age. It is true, the exact time when this paper was written cannot be made out: but it appears by all the evidence to have been finished before his entrance into college; and this took place in September, 1716, — a month before he was thirteen years old. This paper on spiders may justly be regarded as one of the wonders of literature. It would be difficult, from all the centuries, to find a production, written by a child of that age, showing such a masterly comprehension of a difficult subject; such close and delicate observation; such philosophical arrangement, and compass of thought. Hear a few of the opening sentences: —

"There are some things that I have happily seen of the wondrous way of the working of the spider. Although every thing pertaining to this insect is admirable, there are some phenomena relating to them more particularly wonderful. Everybody that is used to the country knows their marching in the air from one tree to another, sometimes to the distance of five or six rods. Nor can one go out in a dewy morning in the latter end of August and the beginning of September but he shall see multitudes of webs, made visible by the dew that hangs on them, reaching from one tree, branch, or shrub, to another:

which webs are commonly thought to be made in the night, because they appear only in the morning; whereas none of them are made in the night, as these spiders never come out in the night when it is dark, as the dew is then falling. But these webs may be seen well enough in the day-time by an observing eye, by their reflection in the sunbeams. Especially late in the afternoon may these webs, that are between the eye and that part of the horizon that is under the sun, be seen very plainly, being advantageously posited to reflect the rays. And the spiders themselves may be very often seen travelling in the air, from one stage to another amongst the trees, in a very unaccountable manner. But I have often seen that which is much more astonishing. In very calm and serene days in the fore-mentioned time of year, standing at some distance behind the end of a house or some other opaque body, so as just to hide the disk of the sun and keep off his dazzling rays, and looking along close by the side of it, I have seen a vast multitude of little shining webs and glistening strings brightly reflecting the sunbeams, and some of them of great length, and of such a height that one would think they were tacked to the vault of the heavens."

He then goes on and explains the whole law and mechanism of these movements in a way which, for any one of any age, would be thought original and striking, but, for a boy of twelve years, was truly marvellous. And he was an original explorer in this field. This boy, untaught by books, unprompted by others, saw and comprehended what none before him had seen, and what few now have the eye to see, even though the whole process has been described.

A gentleman who lives near where the old Edwards house stood, told me, this summer, that he had from time to time tried this experiment in these later years, and had seen the same thing going on upon that spot which this boy saw as an original discoverer a hundred and fifty years ago. He says, moreover, that the broad meadow-lands of the Connecticut are peculiarly prolific in this insect-life; and, from the position of the land, — falling off as it does down to the west, only a little way from where the Edwards mansion was placed, — the position in the afternoon sun is peculiarly favorable for these observations.

And the beauty of it all, as it pertains to Edwards, is, that, while he was doing what none of the full-grown men along that valley had ever done before, he seems not to be aware that it is any thing unusual. As one reads the production, he might infer that the boy who wrote it supposed this was the natural occupation of boys of twelve years, and that lads generally of that age were doing the same or similar things.

There are many more trains of thought which might be followed out; but we must close. The religious life of Edwards did not begin until some years later than this. Though he had deep religious impressions in his early childhood, yet he did not claim for himself a religious character until after his graduation. All his leanings were, from the first, in that direction; and he seems never to have had an evil nature to contend with.

As already stated, a month before reaching the age of thirteen years, we see him entering upon his collegiate course at Yale College.

It had been originally arranged that the college-life of Edwards should be made the subject of a separate address on this occasion ; but, as that plan is not to be carried out, it seems proper that a word should be said at this point about this portion of his life. At that time, Yale College was in its infancy. The institution was only sixteen years old when Jonathan Edwards entered it. It had as yet no settled habitation, and hardly a name. It was wandering about the country like the tabernacle in the wilderness. There was an old New-England custom, still lingering in some primitive communities, of boarding the schoolmaster around the district ; but, in this case, the college itself was boarded around the district. Sometimes it was at Milford, sometimes at Wethersfield, sometimes at Saybrook, sometimes at New Haven ; or rather it seemed sometimes to be at all these places at once, — one class being at one place, and another at another. The question where it should be finally located was fiercely contested ; and it was not until near the close of Mr. Edwards's course that the college was fixed at New Haven.

There is no time to follow out this college-life in detail. It was in the early part of his course that he first read "Locke on the Human Understanding." He read it, as he seems to have read every thing all his life long, pen in hand, ready to record his own thoughts and impressions. The writings of John Locke have not usually been chosen for light reading, even by adult men and women ; his works do not figure largely at summer watering-places : but this boy of fourteen years read this work of Locke as one fascinated and spell-bound. No young lady this

summer has risen from the perusal of the last new novel with such a glow of enthusiasm and delight as that with which he finished this book in the year 1717. He read it with a certain forecasting of his own great destiny. Without affectation, simply as something which he could not repress, he tells how he found a delight in the contents of this book, such as misers feel when they grasp handfuls of gold and silver.

Toward the close of his course in college, Rector Cutler, then at the head of the institution, writes a flattering letter to Timothy Edwards, the father, telling him of the excellent use Jonathan is making of his time, and what high hopes may justly be entertained of the boy. He graduates a month before he is seventeen. His birthday fell in October; and the old commencement at Yale was in September. Young men graduated at college in those days earlier in life than now. The course of study was not so extended. By the rules of our colleges, a young man could not now get through his course as young as Edwards then was. Still, in those times, it was very rare for students to graduate before they were eighteen or twenty. Cotton Mather graduated at Harvard, if we mistake not, at fifteen; and there are individual cases of this kind. But Timothy Edwards, as we have seen, graduated at twenty-two; and the average age in those times was somewhere between the father and the son. We leave Jonathan Edwards, then, going forth from the walls of Yale College in 1720 for his great life-work.

Prof. Edwards A. Park of Andover Seminary was the next speaker. He chose to discuss some of the characteristics of Edwards as a thinker and preacher. This he did with his usual discrimination and ability.

REMARKS

BY EDWARDS A. PARK, D.D.

Mr. Chairman, — I ought not to make any remarks on this occasion ; for I have but recently left the Atlantic steamboat, and have become so wonted to the sea, that I cannot uniformly believe myself to be on the land. I have had no time to write my remarks, and can only console myself by remembering, that, in the later years of his life, Pres. Edwards was accustomed to speak *ex tempore ;* and his later manuscripts prove, according to Mr. Grosart, "that his rule, in the proportion of ninety-five to a hundred, was to jot down the leading thoughts and illustrations, and trust to the suggestions of the moment" for all besides. Perhaps, then, in speaking of him, I may be allowed to follow his example of extemporaneous speech.

The first thought suggested to me by this assemblage of his descendants is *the importance of a family.* God has not made the angels as he has made men, — one generation depending on another. He has divided our race into tribes, and subdivided the tribes into families ; and one family preserves and transmits its distinctive character from age to age. The ocean is not one mass of waters, all the parts of which are alike in their influence on each other ; but there are different currents in the sea, and the waters of one

latitude receive impulse and direction from the waters of another. The family is a kind of Gulf stream. There are several of Pres. Edwards's descendants who have exhibited a marked resemblance to him. He has contributed much to form their characters. So there are several of his ancestors to whom he had an evident likeness. They exerted a formative influence upon him. The traits of his grandfather and grandmother Stoddard are conspicuous in him; so were those of his father and mother; and there is a peculiar resemblance between the characteristics of the president and those of his grandfather, Richard Edwards of Hartford. I hold in my hand a copy of a manuscript in the handwriting of Rev. Timothy Edwards, the president's father, which is entitled, "Some things written concerning my very dear and honored father, Mr. Richard Edwards, late of Hartford, deceased, who departed this life in the comfortable hopes of a glorious resurrection to life again, April 20, 1718, on a sabbath day, about singing-time in the forenoon; aged, according to his own account, within about a fortnight or three weeks of seventy-one, or within a very little of it at least." The style of the father in this document might easily be mistaken for the style of the son; and the description of the grandfather might well be mistaken for the description of the grandson. When we read the controversial tracts of the president, and hear of his troubles with his parishioners, we can say of him, as his father says of Richard Edwards, "Another thing savoring of a religious, Christian spirit in him, was his dealing with his neighbors, as there might be occasion, in a way of friendly and Christian admonition; which he would

do so seriously, moderately, lovingly, and wisely, and sometimes (the case calling for it) in a very close, heart-convincing, and affecting manner. And, indeed, as there were but few that could do this duty so well, so there were not many that did so much at it, or did so much good by it, as I have reason to think he did." No small part of Pres. Edwards's trouble in life sprang from the fact that he was plain-spoken in reproof, and "*did so much at it.*" Still, no one can read his funeral-sermons without feeling that what Timothy Edwards says of Richard may also be said of the president: "There were but few, at least among private Christians, that could apply themselves so pertinently, pithily, and properly, savorily and suitably, and in so comprehensive a manner, and that both for direction and support of those who were in affliction, as he could." [Here the speaker read further extracts from the unpublished manuscript of Rev. Timothy Edwards.]

Another thought suggested by this gathering of the Edwards family is *the comprehensiveness of his character and writings.* I am not comparing him and his works to the Bible, so as to imply that they resemble it in all respects; but they have in one respect a likeness to it: they comprehend a large variety of elements which are not ordinarily found united. The Bible has been condemned because it is the book to which the partisans of differing sects and schools make their appeal, and from which they profess to derive support. How can it be harmonious with itself, when it seems to favor so many conflicting opinions? Still it is a self-consistent volume, although men of diverse methods of thinking claim it in their favor.

All Christian sects and Christian schools have some elements of truth and right in them; and the Bible contains all the elements of truth and right to which these contending parties are attached. It is not a one-sided book; is not shaped after any one human standard. But every human standard is in a greater or smaller degree one-sided; and its advocates appeal to that part of the Bible which favors more or less their one side. The character and writings of Pres. Edwards make an approach to the consistent many-sidedness of the Sacred Scriptures. They contain elements to which differing classes of partisans appeal, and from which they seem to draw strength; yet they harmonize with each other well enough to form a distinct system.

There are metaphysical preachers who crowd into their sermons logical statements and philosophical discussions. When these men are reprimanded for their abstract trains of thought, they refer to Edwards as a metaphysical preacher. They are half right; for he was a metaphysical preacher in some particulars. Still he did not, like many of the old English divines, burden his discourses with formal syllogisms and scholastic technicalities. In the general, his sermons were plain enough to be understood by his auditors. They did contain the skeleton of logic; but it was covered with muscles, veins, and arteries. He did not wear his bones on the outside of him.

There are other preachers who are fervid in their appeals, and passionate in their exhortations. They are condemned as too emotional; perhaps too severe in their denunciations of sin, and their threatenings of punishment. When thus condemned, they appeal

to Edwards as an exciting preacher, terrific in his invectives, overwhelming in his descriptions of coming woe. It has been reported of him, that, on one occasion at least, he could not be heard by his congregation on account of the sobs and cries of those whom he had alarmed by his impassioned utterances. Now, it is true that he was a fervid preacher: he did work on the passions of men. Still he did not address the feelings until he had addressed the judgment of his hearers. He was not rhapsodical, nor technically philosophical, as a preacher; but he was one of the first American divines who united the results of philosophical study with a warm, evangelical spirit. Hence his sermons were instructive as well as exciting: they were not the alcohol distilled from the wheat; but they were the wheat penetrated with the alcohol, nourishing as well as stimulating.

There are ministers who have a nice sense of clerical dignity, a scrupulous regard for the rights of an established pastor. They contend that a clergyman, when ordained over a church, is the president of that church, and the bishop of the parish connected with it; and no other clergyman has a right to interfere with his diocese. They appeal to Edwards as a man of rare personal and official dignity, a pastor on whose clerical prerogative other pastors would hardly venture to intrench. This appeal is, in many respects, just. He was a man of rare elevation of character. Men did approach him with a kind of awe. He labored to maintain the rights of pastors. He condemned the extravagances of Davenport and other fanatical preachers. In no small degree are we indebted to him for whatever now remains of the good

order of the churches and the stability of the pastoral relation. But he was not so stiff as to be unbending in his determination to sustain the clergy. When he was convinced that the welfare of "being in general" required him to oppose his ministerial brethren, he did oppose them. He knew that his opposition would imperil his own interests; but he consented to encounter the peril for the sake of promoting the general good.

There are other ministers who regard it their duty to break over parish lines and to break through parish usages. They will preach to a community having an ordained pastor who not only does not invite them, but positively refuses to see or tolerate them. They will plant and harrow and reap in fields belonging to husbandmen who insist on doing their own work. They are often the means (perhaps unintentional) of expelling pastors from their pulpits, and of introducing confusion into the community. They claim the authority of Edwards for their readiness to preach the gospel in season or out of season, in compliance with the will, or in defiance of the command, of regular pastors. He sympathized with many of the separatists. He encouraged Whitefield, who was the occasion of dividing churches and upturning old establishments. The innovations of the "New Lights," however, so far as they were sanctioned at all by Pres. Edwards, were sanctioned with extreme reluctance, and as the results of extreme necessity. The churches had declined so far from their primitive faithfulness, that new measures were needed for the new exigency. He did not favor the extravagances attending those measures; but he felt compelled to

advocate the principle out of which those extravagances needlessly sprang. He did more, perhaps, than any other American divine in promoting the doctrinal purity, and at the same time quickening the zeal, of the churches; in restraining them from fanaticism, and at the same time stimulating them to a healthy enthusiasm. His writings were in his own day, and are in our day, a kind of classic authority for discriminating between the warmth of sound health and the heat of a fever. He did not remain stationary, like the centre of a circle: he moved in an orbit not eccentric, but well-rounded and complete.

Pres. Samuel Davies made the most strenuous effort to secure the services of Pres. Edwards for the State of Virginia, after he had been dismissed from Northampton. In a letter dated Hanover, July 4, 1751, Dr. Davies thus writes to Dr. Joseph Bellamy: "I assure myself, dear sir, of your most zealous concurrence to persuade him to [come to] Virginia. Do not send him a cold, paper message, but go to him yourself in person. If he be not as yet engaged to any place, I depend upon your word, and make no doubt but he will come. If he is engaged, I hope he may be regularly dismissed upon a call of so great importance. Of all the men I know in America, he appears to me the most fit for this place; and, if he could be obtained on no other condition, I would cheerfully resign him my place, and cast myself into the wide world once more. Fiery, superficial ministers will never do in these parts: they might do good; but they would do much more harm. We need the deep judgment and calm temper of Mr. Edwards among us. Even the dissenters here [Lunenburg] have the nicest taste

of almost any congregation I know, and cannot put up with even the truths of the gospel in an injudicious form. The enemies are watchful, and some of them crafty, and raise a prodigious clamor about raving, injudicious preaching. Mr. Edwards would suit them both."

On an occasion like the present, it may seem unfit to introduce any topic on which the descendants of Pres. Edwards may differ among themselves, either in opinion or feeling. They belong to differing schools in theology: still they are equally enthusiastic in their veneration for him. They meet on the ground where he preached, and in the house where he lived; and no one party exceeds the other in expressing reverence for him. Therefore, perhaps, there may be no harm in simply hinting at his relation to the advocates of the "old divinity" and of the "new." There are old-school divines who claim him as their patron: and they have some right to do so; for he did cling to some of their distinctive tenets. There are also new-school men who claim him; and there is some truth in their pretension that he favored their views. He did adopt certain theories which are the germ of what is called the "new theology." He started certain trains of thought, which, when consistently followed out, form the new-school system. He was an original thinker. He does not coincide with either of the two parties to the exclusion of the other. He is broad enough to reach into both parties. When I was in the pastoral office, one of my near neighbors was Rev. Dr. Codman of Dorchester. He was a man of large wealth, of genial manners, and a decided adherent to the old school in theology. He

owned two excellent horses. One of them was large, majestic, and was noted for its stately trot: this horse the doctor named "Old School." The other was nimble, spirited, and drove ahead with great fleetness: this he named "New School." He was wont to say, "When I wish to visit the gentry of my parish, and ride through the streets with dignity, I take 'Old School;' but when I am in haste to visit a sick man, or to transact some urgent business, and must ride fast at the risk of losing my hat, then I take 'New School.'" Now, Pres. Edwards could not be called by the farmers either a "nigh-horse" or an "off-horse," but would rather be called a complete span in himself, — "a whole team."

Pres. Edwards combined the abstract habits of a philosopher with the practical tendencies of a pastor. He interested great minds. Robert Hall says, "I consider Jonathan Edwards the greatest of the sons of men. He ranks with the brightest luminaries of the Christian Church, not excluding any country or any age, since the apostolic." Sir James Mackintosh says of Edwards, "This remarkable man, *the* metaphysician of America. . . . His power of subtle argument, *perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed, among men*, was joined, as in some of the ancient mystics, with a character which raised his piety to fervor." Robert Morehead says, "Edwards comes nearer Bishop Butler, as a philosophical divine, than any other theologian with whom we are acquainted." I was once riding with an eminent author and statesman, who has held high offices under our national government; was an ardent friend of Gen. Jackson, and an advocate of his policy; and, withal, a great

admirer of Pres. Edwards. Happening to speak of Edwards's "Treatise on the Nature of True Virtue," the statesman remarked, "I regard that as the greatest ethical treatise in the English language, and as the real foundation of the Democratic party in the United States." It need not be said that the man who, in an obscure New-England parish, wrote such treatises as called forth the encomiums of Lord Kaimes, Dugald Stewart, Sir William Hamilton, — three philosophers who are known to have carefully studied these treatises, — must have been habitually absorbed in thought. While we are in Stockbridge, we visit the room which is called his "study;" but, in fact, his "study" was wherever he went. As he walked in the groves, or rode along the streams, he was meditating on great subjects; and would often stop to write down his new thoughts, and pin the paper containing them upon his coat. I have heard one of his grandsons say, that, on one occasion, Mr. Edwards rode on horseback to his pasture for his cows; and, when he came near the bars of his pasture, a small boy ran to them, and let them down for him. As the minister was riding over the bars, he bowed to the boy, and asked, "Whose boy are you?" — "John Clark's boy," was the answer. Mr. Edwards soon came back, driving his cows before him. The boy stood ready to put up the bars, and took off his hat as the pastor drew near. "Whose boy are you?" was the question asked the second time; and the answer came, "The same man's boy that I was five minutes ago." This incident shows how absorbed Mr. Edwards was in his studies, and how abstracted from the world. Still he was a preacher to the poor,

and "the common people heard him gladly." He took a deep interest in the welfare of his parishioners and in the details of their daily life. He preached not only on their high spiritual duties, but on their "minor morals" and small proprieties. I will read a few extracts from one of his sermons preached to the people of Northampton, and recently printed in Rev. Mr. Grosart's interesting volume. Like many of his other sermons, it was never written out in full; and his manuscript contains merely the prominent divisions, and a few bold hints of the manner in which they were filled up. His text is 1 Pet. iii. 19, 20. He closes his sermon with various practical "directions." One of them is the necessity of avoiding "pride and extravagance in apparel." Under this head he remarks, —

"Not that I condemn all adorning the body. 'Tis evident by Scripture that some moderate degree of this is lawful. Oil that makes his face to shine (Eccles. ix. 8; Matt. vi. 17; Prov. xxxi. 21, 22; Exod. iii. 22). But yet 'tis apparent that there is a most sinful extravagance in this kind (1 Tim. ii. 9; 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4; Isa. iii. 16, 18, &c.). Appears to be very provoking to God . . . when persons go beyond their rank. One end of apparel seems to be to distinguish (Prov. xxxi. 22, 23); common people to show an affectation to be like those of high rank; country towns to affect to be like the metropolis. — When they go beyond their estate, disable themselves from paying their debts; deprive themselves of other things more necessary and more profitable; disable themselves much from deeds of charity. An affectation to distinguish themselves in imitating the fash-

ions of the more gay part of the world. Complying with the general customs of a country in clothing is not vulgar: on the contrary, 'tis not decent to be singular. But some fashions in themselves are ill, . . . extravagant, . . . very costly, . . . immodest. . . . "All this care and pains and cost to adorn themselves show persons to much affect outward ornament; . . . seem to show that they make much of themselves; . . . all that which tends to encourage a general excess. Such things as these have been condemned by wise men of all nations.

"'Tis a time when the nations here have got to a vast excess. The land is become exceeding extravagant; more so than in England, in proportion to our ability and ranks. Prevents great good that might be done; . . . is continually running in debt. The main thing that brings our greatest national calamities, . . . particularly the present state the country is in with regard to a medium [currency]; and is the main source of that general injustice that has been so long complained of. . . . Keeps the country in constant distress. . . . Maintains constant injustice. . . . Threatens us with ruin. . . . We in this town [Northampton] are evidently got to a great excess. Boston is extravagant beyond London; and we, considering all things, I think beyond them. . . . How far below we fall short in rank, . . . state, . . . education, and our situation in the world, . . . far beyond them!

"I had occasion to observe the people at Portsmouth in both the congregations in that place. That is a place very much famed for politeness, and is a city much like Boston in many respects. I judged the apparel of our congregation was fully as costly.

Many things that might make it proper for them to go beyond us."

This "brief" of Pres. Edwards is important as illustrating not merely his method of preparing his discourses for the pulpit, but also his boldness in reproof; for "he did much at it." We hear of his theological peculiarities, of the Half-way Covenant, as the cause of his dismission from Northampton. But a pastor is almost sure to incur the peril of dismission if he make his theology so practical as to reach the bonnets of his people: then his "usefulness is at an end." Abstract doctrines are comparatively inoffensive.

Another of Mr. Edwards's manuscripts contains the heads of a sermon which he delivered to the Indians at Stockbridge. It will be seen, that, in these brief hints of his train of thought, he has condensed an elaborate system of reasoning in favor of the Bible as a book having divine authority. The rough notes which he has left of his argument betray his interest in scientific theology, and also in the welfare of the savages, to whom he accommodated his scientific discussion. I will read a few extracts from this pulpit sketch: they are taken from Mr. Grosart's volume: —

2 Tim. iii. 16: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

Doctrine: The Scripture is the word of God.

I. *There must be some word of God.*

'Tis unreasonable to think that God would always keep silence, and never say any thing to mankind.

God has made mankind, and given him reason and understanding.

Has made him the chief of all the creatures.

Given him reason, that he might know God and serve him.

Did not give the other creatures reason: he did make 'em to serve him.

Other creatures are made for man.

Man was made for God, to serve God; or else he was made for nothing.

But we may be sure he did not make such a creature as man for nothing.

But how unreasonable is it to think that God would make us for himself, and never say any thing to us!

God is the King that rules over all nations.

But how unreasonable is it to suppose that he should be a King, and never say any thing to his subjects; . . . be a King, and never tell them what his will or what his commands are, that his subjects may obey him!

Is as a Father: all his family.

But will a father be always dumb and silent, &c.?

God has given mankind speech; so that they are able to speak, and make known their minds to one another.

And therefore 'tis unreasonable to think that God never would speak to men, and make known his mind to them.

II. Another thing that shows that the Scriptures are the word of God is this: —

That, when God told the wise and holy men to write the Bible, *he gave 'em power to work great* MIRACLES, *to convince men that it was his work.*

III. Another thing that shows the Scriptures to be the word of God is, that the *Scripture* FORETELLS *a great many things.*

The OLD TESTAMENT, that was given to the Jews a great while before Christ was born, foretold Christ's coming.

And a great many things concerning him, — all which are FULFILLED.

The Scriptures of the NEW TESTAMENT foretell a great many things: . . . all came to pass.

IV. Another thing that shows that the Scripture is the word of God is this: —

That the Scripture has been the means of enlightening so many nations.

V. Another thing that shows [it is]

. . . *Great opposition:* the Devil and wicked men make against it.

VI. Another thing that shows [that it is] the word of God is this: *It has* PREVAILED *against such great opposition.*

VII. Another thing: *No other word ever was used as the means of bringing men to know the true God but the Scriptures.*

Where the Scriptures have come, there has been light: all the rest of the world has remained in darkness. So 'tis now all over the world.

VIII. Another thing that shows [it] is this: *No man could make such a book as the Bible.*

It must be made by wicked men or good men. . . . Wicked men would not make it: good men could not.

IX. Another thing: No book reaches the hearts of men so much. *No word so* AWAKENS *the conscience.* No word is so powerful to change the heart. Great many have been made 'new men:' very wicked men.

No word so powerful to comfort the hearts of men . . . in death, . . . cruel deaths.

X. Another: *Good men all love the Bible.* Better they are, the more they love it, . . . the more they are convinced that it is the word of God. The more wicked men [are], the more they are AGAINST it.

APPLICATION: —

1. How thankful we should be to God! . . .

2. Hence we may learn that all the Scripture says to us is certainly true.

3. Hence 'tis worth the while to take a great deal of pains to learn to read and understand the Scriptures.

I would have you, all of you, think of this.

When there is such a book that you may have, how can you be contented without being able to read it?

How does it make you feel when you think there is a book that is God's own word? That tells . . .

And you think with yourself that you are not able to read it. . . . See and think about it. All that you know is only what others tell you: . . . see nothing with your own eyes.

Especially I would have you that are young people take notice of these things.

Parents should take care that their children learn. . . .

This will be the way to be kept from the Devil. . . . Devil can't bear [the Bible]. Kept from hell. To be happy forever.

But if you let the word of God alone, and never use, and you can't expect the benefits of it . . .

You must not only hear and read, &c., but you must have it sunk down into your heart. Believe. Be affected. Love the word of God. Written in your heart.

Must not only read and hear, but DO the things. Otherwise no good, but will be the worse for it.

And you should endeavor to understand. To that end, to learn the English tongue.

If you had the Bible in your own language, I should not say so much.

Endeavor to promote your children's learning English.

You that can read should often read, . . . meditate, . . . pray that God would enlighten you.

Consider how much it is worth the while to go often to your Bible to hear the great God himself speak to you.

There you may hear Christ speak.

How much better must we think this is than the word of men! — better than the word of the wisest man of the world.

Another thought suggested by the occasion of this gathering is the patience and perseverance of Pres. Edwards in the attainment of one great object. A prominent aim of his life was to combine a biblical theology with a sound philosophy. In order to fulfil this aim, he must devote himself to abstruse study. But he was perplexed with the controversies of his parishioners, and was sometimes obliged to struggle with poverty. Many would not have blamed him if he had intermitted his recondite studies, and devoted himself to the maintenance of his wife and children, — his wife, that truly remarkable woman; his children, some of whom belonged to the aristocracy of talent. But, if he had given to his family "what was meant for mankind," his posterity would not now have met to honor him. He was compelled to adopt mortifying expedients for the preparation of those treatises of which his descendants are proud. He could not afford to buy clean paper for writing down his valuable thoughts: but he wrote them on the margins of newspapers; over and under the homely advertisements; on the paper-patterns which his daughters had used for making fans and collars, which

they sold in order to defray the family-expenses; on the blank parts of the "notes" which his parishioners had sent up to his pulpit for the purpose of requesting prayer in their behalf,—a husband requesting "prayers for the death of his wife." (Here the speaker exhibited several newspapers and fan-patterns on which the president had written the results of his study; also read a letter of Mr. Edwards to Dr. Bellamy, soliciting the doctor's aid in selling a few sheep of which that vigorous theologian had taken the oversight.) There is something morally sublime in the very idea of a philosopher writing letters to a divine about the sale of his sheep, making his home in a valley where he expected to be, as he was, afflicted with the "fever and ague," writing without the conveniences for writing, studying without the fit apparatus for studying, and yet having a genius by which he was destined to be the earliest American divine whose union of original and evangelical thoughts was destined to command the reverence of European scholars. Dr. Chalmers expressed his admiration of Edwards viewed as devoting his high accomplishments to the people of Northampton: how much greater admiration is due to him viewed as consecrating the best years of his life to the red men of the wilderness, among whom he lived indigent, and often an invalid! Dr. Chalmers says,—

"Edwards is far the highest name which the new world has to boast of; and, if aught can enhance our reverence for the achievements by which he distanced so immeasurably all the speculations of all the schools in Europe, it must be that his was an achievement consecrated by the deepest spirit of religion, and performed by a man, who, almost unconscious of science,

or at least unconscious of all its honors, was prompted to the task which he fulfilled so admirably by his devotedness to the cause which, as a Christian minister, he felt to be the nearest and best. There is, indeed, a striking contrast between the unlettered people among whom he labored as a pastor, and philosophers whom, as an author, he held converse with ; and something most touchingly beautiful in the adaptation that he made of himself to both, giving rise to a corresponding contrast between the plain ministrations of his sabbath and the profound musings and inspirations of his solitude."

The ministry of Edwards at Northampton was discussed by Rev. Dr. Todd of Pittsfield, who had, as will be seen by his address, peculiar fitness for the service.

ADDRESS

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

When a young student, I found a woman among the fevers of the rice-swamps of South Carolina who amazed and confounded me by her knowledge of theology. She was so far above me, that I felt myself to be nothing. The secret was, that she had for years lived upon the works of Jonathan Edwards.

In the revival in Yale College in 1820, under the teachings of Asahel Nettleton, after many wrestlings of the spirit and intellect, I deliberately adopted the theology of this master in Israel ; and have, as yet, never grown great enough or wise enough to change my opinions. A little later, down on Cape Cod, I met an old deacon, who, for profound and accurate

theology, might have been a theological professor, and before whom I fairly stood in awe. He too, for years, had lived and grown upon a set of Edwards's works.

Afterwards I had a parishioner who had read Edwards "On the Affections" through six times; and he was a giant in theology.

Afterwards I married a wife, and it was years before I found out what made her so much my superior; but when I discovered that she belonged to the Edwards family, and that she had their blood in her veins, I gave up the contest, and have admitted all that she demanded ever since.

When called to the pastorate of an infant church in Northampton, I found most of my flock were the descendants of those who had been Mr. Edwards's fast friends through all his troubles there; and I had the honor to propose to them, and see them cheerfully assent, that we should call the church "The Edwards Church," — a perpetual memorial of Edwards. The council which organized the church objected to the name, and questioned the wisdom of it: till I finally had to tell them that we submitted our creed and covenant for their diction; but the *name* of the church was our own, and that we did *not* submit.

And when I add that I gave the name of Edwards to a son now in the ministry, I think I have established my claim to be among those who admire the great character of Edwards, and to sit among those who weave garlands to lay upon his tomb this day.

Edwards went to Northampton fresh from the college-walls, young, and with no experience but the deep teachings of the Spirit upon his heart. I consider the twenty-three years which he spent in Northampton

as the most important period of his life. He settled with his grandfather Stoddard, a name widely known, and a man who had filled a long and successful ministry.

The grandfather, and the people trained up by him, and the ministers and churches generally in all the region, from the best of motives, undoubtedly, had fallen into a sad mistake; and that was, that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, like the ordinary sabbath services, was to be used as a means of grace, and was a converting ordinance. And thus all who were not openly immoral were welcomed to the Lord's table, and became members of the church. This made the world and the church one; or, if there was any line of demarcation between them, it was not visible. Edwards seemed, at his settlement, to have adopted these views; or, if he did not in full, he made no objection to them.

It was here, in this quiet place, that he became the severe student, the deep thinker, the original father of thought, which has made him a marvel among men. For thirteen hours a day, beginning before or at early dawn, he labored in the quarries of Truth, and dug out ore which smaller men have been using ever since. There seem to have been no brilliant flashes of truth darting into his soul; but he had the power of lifting up the ore, holding it up to the sunlight, separating the dross from the pure metal, and then forging that metal at will. Of a feeble, nervous temperament, with spirits always low, with a bodily organization exceedingly frail, he accomplished an amount of severe study that is at once an example and a rebuke to all who follow him. He was, in the popular sense of the

term, no orator; yet there was often a power and impression upon his hearers that has probably never been exceeded. He held up his little, fine-written sermon, and read it off, scarcely taking his eyes off the paper; but, before the hour-sermon was through, the hand, the paper, the voice, trembled together, and conviction was rolled down on his hearers, and entered their hearts, till it welled up again, and ran over in tears, in sobs, and sometimes in audible groanings. Perhaps it would be difficult for us to say wherein his great pulpit strength lay. It was not in ornament, tropes, figures, illustrations, or anecdotes; for he moved in a straight line,—clear, simple logic, and unanswerable argument. But there was an unction, a savor of God, about the man, that was itself a power. He went up into the mount of God so often, and staid so long, that his face shone. It is among the traditions of the place, that two strangers stopped over the sabbath in Northampton. They were greatly prejudiced against Edwards, and were greatly rejoiced to learn that he was expected to be out of town, and another man supply his pulpit. They had never seen Edwards. On the morrow, they sat side by side. The preacher went through the preliminary services, and began his sermon. Soon one of the strangers whispered to the other, "This is a *good* man." A little after, "He is a *very* good man." On went the preacher, and again the whisper, "Whoever he may be, he is a *holy* man." And soon again, "This is the holiest man I ever saw or heard." I hardly need add that it was Edwards himself. And this holiness, deep exercise of his own heart, together with communion with God, was, I

apprehend, one source of his great power as a preacher.

He gave himself, simply, wholly, and humbly, to the ministry. And the name of Sarah Pierrepont Edwards, his noble wife, a great specimen of exalted, almost seraphic piety, of great intellectual strength united to a worldly wisdom hardly inferior, the true nobility of our nature, is destined to be immortal. She took all the care of his family and worldly concerns, that he might give himself wholly to his work. She was a great specimen of a thousand New-England ministers' wives, — true helpers in the Lord. Our food is cooked by intelligence, our homes are presided over and made tasteful, our friends are welcomed and entertained, our children are trained and instructed, our little means are made to go a great way, our families are made respectable, our charities are never stinted, our failings are concealed and covered up, our sluggishness is prompted into effort and action, our usefulness is every way greatly enhanced, because the angel of our homes, in the form of a noble wife, ever forgetting herself, does all this in order to aid us to be useful to our people. By the time a man has been in the ministry twenty years, all that is good and great in his wife is absorbed and woven into the character of the husband, leaving the wife none the poorer; and, whenever I have found a man especially successful in the ministry, I have always found a noble wife in the shadow at his side. Oh! "many daughters have done virtuously;" but "thou," wife of the humble, New-England minister, "hast excelled them all."

It has been a wonder, the world over, how Edwards

could shut himself up in his little study, and write his great work on "The Will" in about four months. The fact is, he was making the book during all his stay at Northampton. Not that he wrote it on paper; but it was worked out in his brain. If you will go to the old records of the Ministerial Association, to which he belonged, you will find that, meeting after meeting, and year after year, are recorded questions which "Mr. Edwards proposed" for discussion, and which were discussed again and again; and all these questions are in the line of that wonderful work, — a work so profound, that it frightens most from attempting to read it, and which the English reviewer asserted was based on a mistake; but he was candid enough at the same time to say, that he could not point out the mistake. And the work remains, like Wellington on Waterloo, whipped several times, as the French said, if he "only had sense enough to know it." Most who have tried to upset the work remind one of pigmies taking hold of the corner of the mantle of a giant and trotting along after him, and wondering why the mantle don't come off.

Arminianism extensively prevailed in the days of Edwards through all the churches, almost without exception. He felt it his duty to meet the swollen torrent; and meet it he did, and, by intellectual and spiritual columbiads, destroyed its strongholds first. Those who met and tried argument with him soon found his terrible logic too much for them. Their forts were demolished; and they themselves were gently laid on the back, with no more power to rise than if an elephant's foot had been on them. If they lifted a spear, it was broken. If they used rhetoric,

it was putting violets under a trip-hammer. More brilliant controversialists have been known ; but for pure logic, and strong, unanswerable argument, you will have to go far before you find his equal. I have never known a man to speak slightingly of Edwards who had read him. As a mere exercise of the intellect, and a very high one too, we may safely commend his work on "The Will," — second to none.

Most earnestly, solemnly, and faithfully did Edwards preach the gospel at Northampton in all its uncompromising claims ; and great were the results. Two revivals, one of which shook the land, and moved many hearts across the ocean, were the results of his ministry. Such outpourings of the Spirit seemed a new thing in the land ; and, as a consequence, there were many wild things taught and acted out, till it seemed as if, in breaking up the crust which had so long been gathering, the waters would sweep away all the foundations. Hence Edwards was called upon to preach much in churches out of his own town, and also to settle the great questions as to what is, or is not, the work of the Holy Spirit ; what is, and what is not, true religion. The latter he did with his pen ; and his "True Religion Delineated," and his work on "The Affections," have done a vast work in shaping the pulpit-teachings, the action and character of our churches, and individual religious experience, from that day to this. His spirit was so warm with piety, his intellect was so clear, and his teachings so in accordance with the best experience of good men, that our churches and our times have been formed or greatly influenced after his model.

During a long period, he and his church lived in

harmony and peace. Few churches ever loved their pastor so well, and few ever had occasion to love him so much. Pastorates and marriages, in those days, were for life. The husband and the wife never thought of a divorce; and the pastor, instead of running from place to place, and spending his life in ever beginning and never having time to do more, had the opportunity of forming the character of at least one generation by his ministry. This tie, and that of marriage, is so sacred, that, when an effort is made to sunder it, there is a peculiar bitterness engendered. It would be difficult, since the time when the Galatians at one time were ready to give their eyes to Paul, and, a little after, quite as ready to tear his eyes out, to find an example of a more unreasonable and cruel treatment of a good minister than that which Edwards received from his flock.

Of all unsafe places for truth to live and breathe, the excitement of good men is one of the most unsafe. When worldly men become excited and maddened, they have the good sense to know that it is all will: but, when good men get excited, they are the most unreasonable of all men; and for the plain reason, that they can't tell their will from their conscience. They call it all conscience, when, perhaps, there is not a single pulsation of conscience. The people of Northampton turned against Edwards with a violence and a ferocity that makes it a painful history even now to read. The occasion of it was, that gradually, and after great thought and much prayer, Edwards came to the conclusion that it was not scriptural to receive confessedly worldly men and unconverted men into the communion of the church. This was, undoubted-

ly, a change from his own former opinions: but they knew he was an honest man; that slowly and cautiously he came to the new conclusions; that he was very kind and moderate in announcing them, and only wanted an opportunity to present his reasons for his belief to his people. This roused his people into a very whirlwind of excitement. Edwards proposed to present the subject in the pulpit, — not to force his opinions on them, but to give his reasons. No: they would not allow that. He then printed his views; and they would not read them. He next proposed to present them in a week-day lecture. No: they would not allow that. He then proposed to submit their disagreements to a mutual council: this they would not do, unless Edwards would select his half among the churches in the county, — all which, as they knew, were hostile to his views. They finally did allow him to select two churches out of the county, but took care that there should be a majority against him. All this time Edwards was calm, gentle, though slandered atrociously, abused, reviled, and persecuted, and expecting all the time that the result would be the sundering the ties of years, and reducing his family to beggary. He was dismissed, maligned, traduced, and with no prospect of employment. Even then, when he remained in town after his dismission, they would not allow him to preach the gospel; choosing, rather, to edify one another by what were called "deacons' meetings." God sent the good man help, not by ravens, but from strangers in Scotland.

I rejoice to add that the people of Northampton, after their passions had time to cool, not only adopted his views, but have ever since been among the most

intelligent, stable, and minister-loving people in all New England. The impress of his strong hand remains there to this day.

But the fall of Edwards was the mightiest victory of his life. He was so well known, his church had been so distinguished by his labors, that the eyes of all churches were turned towards Northampton. They who, in the spirit of the worldly, had so persecuted their pastor for righteousness' sake, were a powerful argument for the Edwardean view: and men read his writings, and searched the Scriptures; and the result was, that the churches through New England and through the land were brought back to the scriptural idea of church-membership. Nothing, probably, short of all that took place, would have drawn the attention of the American people to this subject, and nothing short of his great pen could so quickly and so universally have settled this great question; and hundreds of churches are to-day walking in their purity, separated from the world, enjoying peace, without ever knowing how that peace had been procured.

The letter of Major Hawley, one of the leading spirits against Edwards, containing his confessions, rehearsing the wrongs that were done, and pouring out his soul in shame and remorse and repentance, more than confirms all I have said concerning this unhappy affair; but I must add, that, while we can hardly see how it was possible for a Christian people to do as his people did, it is almost as difficult for us to conceive how a man so treated could behave as he did, — so much like his Master.

Thus we hardly know which most to admire and wonder over in the ministry of Edwards, — his

original and luminous investigations, his weighty sermons and powerful preaching, his great and permanent contributions to human thought and elucidation of divine truth, his meekness and gentleness under an ordeal that few could endure, his power in directing and controlling the churches when heaving with excitement, his bringing them back to scriptural views, or in the combined greatness, simplicity, and strength of character, by which he still walks the earth, and which will cause his footsteps to echo on the shores of Time, till Truth will no longer need to contend with Error, because her victory is complete and her triumph is eternal.

EDWARDS AND STOCKBRIDGE.

The humble yet really brilliant epoch of Edwards at Stockbridge was presented by Rev. Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College, himself a native of Stockbridge, and a descendant of John Sargeant.

ADDRESS

BY REV. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D.

The grandest product of this planet is a great man. There are upon it great mountains, great cataracts, great prairies, great trees, great works of art. These we visit for the impression which the things themselves make upon us; but, if we suppose them removed, they could have no power to consecrate the places where they once were. This power belongs only to great men and great events. To these it does so belong as to constitute a striking feature in the

history of the race. Hence literary and religious pilgrimages; hence seven cities contended for the honor of having been the birthplace of Homer; hence Cicero visited with so deep an interest the place where Plato taught; hence travellers visit the birthplace of Shakspeare and the seat of Sir Walter Scott; and it is from the same principle that so many thousands and tens of thousands have turned their feet towards Jerusalem and Olivet, Gethsemane and Calvary.

This principle it is that brings us to Stockbridge to-day. From places near and remote we have come to this goodly town, not, as we might well have done, for its own beauty, but because, more than a hundred years ago, there lived here a great man, — one of the greatest and best men that has ever lived. Here it was that Jonathan Edwards came in 1751 to succeed Sargeant in his missionary labors for the Indians, and as pastor to the few whites then settled among them; and it is upon his life and labors while here, that, as a native of the town thus honored by his residence, I have been invited to make a few remarks before his gathered descendants.

It was but six years that Edwards resided here; and, to appreciate what he did, we must understand his position. The country was comparatively a wilderness. His labors were primarily and chiefly for those just emerging from heathenism and from a savage state. He had a large family. His means were limited. He was harassed for a time by persistent opposition to his mission. He was alarmed and endangered by border warfare during the second French war, — four persons having been killed in

the place by Canada Indians; and he had soldiers quartered upon him. He suffered from the ague and fever incident to new settlements. He was far removed from books, and from much converse with learned men; so that, if his reading was limited, it was not his fault. With such embarrassments, an ordinary man might well have congratulated himself if he could meet satisfactorily the current responsibilities of his position. This Edwards did; and, in addition to much correspondence, it required an amount of labor to which few ministers would now submit. Twice each sabbath he preached in English, and twice to the Indians by an interpreter, besides catechising the children of each of the two tribes under his care. Thus doing, he satisfied the patrons and friends of the mission, and perhaps accomplished all that could have been accomplished in circumstances so untoward, and with the minds of the Indians distracted and alienated from the English as they then were. But in spite of all this, or rather in connection with it, Edwards spent thirteen hours a day in his study; and during this brief period, the most important to the world in his history, he produced the chief of those immortal works which have wrought so efficiently in changing and guiding the course of human thought, and which have given him a name, both in this country and in Europe, among the greatest thinkers the world has produced. If we consider the disadvantages under which he labored, it may be questioned whether the world can furnish a more signal example of the results of solitary thought.

The works just referred to as written here were the treatises "On the Will," "On God's Last End in

the Creation," "On the Nature of True Virtue," and "On Original Sin." He was also at work, when called to Princeton, on "The History of Redemption," which he intended should be a complete system of theology on a new plan.

Of these works, that "On the Will" is the most celebrated, in part, perhaps, as connected with controversies rife at the time and since. Speaking of Edwards and of this work, Dr. Chalmers says, "There is no European divine to whom I make such frequent appeals in my class-room as I do to Edwards; no book of human composition which I more strenuously recommend than his 'Treatise on the Will,' read by me forty-seven years ago with a conviction that has never since faltered, and which has helped me more than any other uninspired book to find my way through all that might otherwise have proved baffling and transcendental and mysterious in the peculiarities of Calvinism."

Thus was this treatise useful to theologians, and still is. It holds with them the highest rank. But, for the common mind, the fact of freedom will always be found in the very act of choice with an alternative in kind; and the certainty of that fact will be assured by an intuitive conviction which metaphysical reasoning can neither strengthen nor eradicate.

Of the treatises mentioned, that "On the Nature of True Virtue" is the least in size, and has been received with the least favor, even by those who have, in general, thought with Edwards. To me, however, it seems, that, in this, Edwards is no less original and profound than in the others, adopting, as he does, the simple, scriptural, and philosophical ground, that true

virtue consists in love, and is thus the product, not of the intellect or of the sensibility, or of both combined, but of the will, or heart, which he uses as synonymous terms, and supposing, of course, that the will can act only on condition of the previous action both of the sensibility and of the rational intellect.

In these treatises especially, Edwards grappled with those universal and perennial problems which confront man as man, and which probably confront every finite, rational being; and also with those which arise from the necessity there is felt to be of reconciling revelation with reason and with facts known from other sources. Of these two classes of problems, some confine themselves wholly to the first, ignoring the Scriptures. They speak of the absolute and the infinite, of being, of time and space, of causation, of free-will and fate, and think themselves philosophers *par eminence.* Others confine themselves chiefly to the second class of problems. They receive the Scriptures as authority; they accept the solutions they give of the great problems of being and of life, and seek to reconcile these with reason and with science. But, in both these lines of thought, Edwards was pre-eminent. No man has wrestled more freely, independently, strongly, with the first class of questions. No man more reverenced the Scriptures, or studied them more thoroughly, or felt more fully the necessity of reconciling them with reason and with science. Hence he stands at the head, not so much of a school, as of a movement, — the movement of free thought towards the rational comprehension of all questions that can be comprehended, and the movement of faith towards the ra-

tional acceptance of the facts and solutions which are revealed; the faith being made rational, because its ground, as confidence in the person making the revelation, is distinctly seen. It is of the essence of reason that it should be rational; it is of the essence of faith that it should be confiding: and no being that is at once finite and a child can be in right relations except as these two are in harmony within him. Hence the greatness of Edwards as complete, he being equally free from the one-sidedness of rationalism on the one hand, and of credulity on the other.

But, while his own example was thus perfect, his very intellectual greatness endangered the progress of others. Men make progress as they deal directly with truth. That is the mother-earth of the soul; and it is direct contact with that, and not with what others have said about it, that gives vitality. But great men stride before the masses. These come up to them but slowly; and, when they do, they make their power and success in following a right method a ground for rejecting that very method. Instead of looking at Nature and at Truth, they look at the great man. They rest in authority, and dwindle into commentators. An age of commentators is an age of feebleness; and those who read them most generally show that they have lived on diluted food. Of a great man thus obstructing progress, Aristotle was a conspicuous example. So, too, was it with Luther and with Calvin. So has it always been with very great men; and nothing could more strikingly show the greatness of Edwards in the works here produced than the extent to which men have commented upon him, and

disputed about his meaning, and deferred to his authority. Almost immediately on his decease, he took an unquestioned place among

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

That he is the first metaphysician this country has produced, no one can doubt.

Such was Edwards intellectually; but his chief distinction was the union in him, here as elsewhere, of this intellectual power with a saintly life. Not merely did he regard the moralities, the proprieties, and the courtesies of life; but he was distinctively and eminently a man of God. He repented of sin, and lived by faith, and communed with God, and sought to be conformed in all things to him as he has revealed himself in the perfect manhood of Christ. And this is what the world needs. It needs intellectual power in combination with love to God and love to man. His views may have been, on some points, erroneous; his temperament may have been more or less unfortunate: of that I know nothing, except what he has himself stated. But his spirit and temper and character were such as must become prevalent among men, if this world is to be essentially improved. Well may his descendants, well may the world, honor such a man.

In speaking of Edwards as related to Stockbridge, it is pleasing to notice, that, as a great man, he does not stand alone. For a town no larger than this, there have been and are connected with it, by residence or birth, an unusual number of those whose names will live in history. In the same line with

Edwards, West and Field were great men, and were worthy of the tablets in this church by which they are commemorated in connection with him. In another line are the names of Judge Sedgwick, and Miss Catharine Sedgwick, and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick. We have also among the living a codifier of laws, the most eminent of this age; a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; and still another, whose name will be remembered as long as the swift messages of the telegraph shall make the ocean-bed their highway, and shall outrun the sun in his course. At the head of these, Edwards stands the greatest of all, — great as a man, great as a Christian minister and preacher, great pre-eminently as a metaphysician; not great before God (for that no man can be), but great as walking humbly with him.

EDWARDS AND PRINCETON.

It had been early arranged that Dr. McCosh, President of the College of New Jersey, should represent Edwards at Princeton; but his engagements in college just at the time of the meeting prevented. The following letter, read by the vice-president, who was now in the chair, will show the reason of his absence: —

CACOWNA, LOWER CANADA, Aug. 24, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your circular, with letter, has just reached me here, where I have been for the last few weeks.

I have been looking forward with intense interest to your meeting. It seemed to promise me a favorable opportunity of expressing my profound respect for

Jonathan Edwards; and I expected so much pleasure and profit from meeting his descendants!

But the committee has fixed on the only days in September or October on which I cannot be with you. I was under an impression that the meeting would be held later in September, or perhaps at the beginning of October. I was keeping free of every engagement which might interfere with my joining your gathering.

The time you have fixed is, I believe, a good one for your purpose; but it so happens that it is the opening of the academic year in the College of New Jersey. On Tuesday, the new students come up with their parents; and, on Wednesday, we formally open the session. We have to enter new recitation-rooms, and have otherwise multiplied arrangements to make, owing to improvements we are making; and the president of the college cannot be away.

This is no loss to you, for you have abundance of other speakers; but I feel that it is a very, very great disappointment to me.

I go home to Princeton, the middle of next week, to prepare for the opening of our session. I will make a reference to your gathering in my opening address.

I am yours ever,

JAMES MCCOSH.

REV. JONA. EDWARDS WOODBRIDGE.

Upon the receipt of this letter, the Rev. Dr. Prime of "The New-York Observer" was addressed, and invited to take this part of the service. This he kindly consented to do, though the notice was so very

brief; but he protested against being regarded as a *substitute* for Dr. McCosh. He, however, performed the part with a power that deeply impressed the whole assembly.

REMARKS

BY S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

The thoughts of Jonathan Edwards have wrought more efficiently for good in others than the writings of any other uninspired man.

That system of philosophy which Paul taught to the Romans, and Calvin illustrated in his Institutes, and which became the accepted system of Holland and Scotland and New England, has had power to subdue kingdoms, and reign over the religious mind of ages and nations. Its energy and vitality lie in its exhibition of the divine-human, the *Deus Homo*, the life of God in the soul of man, divine sovereignty with human freedom mysteriously blended, but distinctly pronounced, as in the person of Him who was "God manifest in the flesh." It is the system which consistently recognizes the double or complex nature of the human soul, addressing the intellect with the resistless logic of truth, and overwhelming the affections with the almighty power of love. This the Holy Ghost did through Paul; this Jonathan Edwards did with the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ burning in his heart, while the enginery of a gigantic intellect worked wondrously in his head. If I have a just appreciation of the constituents of his greatness, of the elements that made him a power in the moral and metaphysical world, acting like the sun in the solar system among all the lights of the Church since his time, and

destined, doubtless, so to act till systems fade and suns themselves dissolve in the blaze of celestial glory, when the light of eternity makes all things clear, even the deep things of God, his greatness was in that marvellous junction of the *soul* and *spirit* in his machinery of thought; so that his philosophy was swallowed up in his religion, and his religion was saturated with divine philosophy.

When I was a boy of fifteen at college in Williamstown, a number of my fellow-students with me became seriously disposed to seek the salvation of our souls. We sent a committee to ask the president, Dr. Griffin, to meet us in the recitation-room, and tell us what to do. He was so engaged, that he could not come that moment; but he sent a sermon, with the request that we would have it read by one of us in the hearing of all. Was it one of his own matchless, rhetorical, overwhelming appeals? No: it was an old yellow volume of sermons by Jonathan Edwards. The one he commended to us was read; and I remember well that I was afraid at its close to walk across the floor, lest it should prove the cover of hell, and rotten at that.

His *theology* had revivals and repentance, and salvation from hell, in it; and this made it and makes it and will keep it divine theology till Christ is all in all. O brethren! if Edwards preached the terror of the Lord too much, do we not preach too little of it?

This was the flux which it cast in with the ore of Scotch theology, giving it spirituality and warmth and growth, and power of assimilation with the thought of the age and the ages, which it had not before that

mightiest of modern preachers, Thomas Chalmers, was born and born again. Read his testimony for Edwards in his letter to Dr. Stebbins of Northampton : —

"I have long esteemed him as the greatest of theologians, combining, in a degree that is quite unexampled, the profoundly intellectual with the devotedly spiritual and sacred, and realizing in his own person a most rare yet most beautiful harmony between the simplicity of the Christian pastor on the one hand, and, on the other, all the strength and prowess of a giant in philosophy ; so as at once to minister from sabbath to sabbath, and with the most blessed effect, to the hearers of his plain congregation, and yet in the high field of authorship to have traversed, in a way that none had ever done before him, the most inaccessible places, and achieved such a mastery as had never till his time been realized over the most arduous difficulties of our science.

"There is no European divine to whom I make such frequent appeals in my class-room as I do to Edwards ; no book of human composition which I more strenuously recommend than his 'Treatise on the Will,' read by me forty-seven years ago with a conviction that has never since faltered, and which has helped me, more than any other uninspired book, to find my way through all that might otherwise have proved baffling and transcendental and mysterious in the peculiarities of Calvinism."

The Scotch theology and metaphysics came to the Presbyterian Church in America ; and so thoroughly

were the churches and ministers made acquainted with the views and the powers of this Stockbridge missionary and rural pastor, then (compared with his renown to-day) an obscure and unknown man, that they sought him to take the presidency of their college. Burr, his son-in-law, had died at its head. They asked Edwards to succeed him. His letter begging to be excused is a marvel of modesty and self-abasement. Men in our day do not refuse honors and place for the reasons he gave.

He was prevailed upon to go. How he wandered about on the wharf in New York, hesitating and trembling! With what diffidence he entered upon his work! He had not been there forty days when he was seized with mortal sickness. His friends and the friends of the college stood by him when they thought him unconscious; and they said one to another, "What will become of the college?" And he opened his dying lips, and said, "Trust God, and you need not fear."

His sepulchre is with them (us) unto this day. His power is there. Being dead, he yet speaks, and delivers lectures on systematic theology in Princeton every day in every year. There is more sound theology in the mouldering bones of dead Jonathan in that Princeton cemetery than in all the systems which crowd out Christ and the Holy Ghost that have ever been propounded among men. Princeton theology has all that is good in every other, and its spirit is thoroughly of Edwards. It has the life of Christ in it: it subordinates the reason to divine authority, and adores the Holy Ghost.

Every young pilgrim who comes to take the living

waters of truth at those fountains pays an early visit to the tombs of the prophets there. He finds the grave of Jonathan Edwards among those of Burr and Witherspoon and Davies, Finley and Stanhope Smith and Green and Carnahan and Miller, and three great Alexanders. He stands over their ashes, and something of their fire kindles in his soul.

I do not know that it matters where we are buried, or where we happen to be when the dead arise to meet the Lord in the air. In the catacombs among the saints of primitive Christianity, in the silent sepulchres of departed princes, in the abbey where genius and eloquence and fame have monuments of marble, it would be glorious to stand in that day and behold the mighty dead come up in the resurrection.

But there is one small graveyard in New Jersey where sleep the men who have "turned many to righteousness," and whom He who walks among the golden candlesticks will set amid the stars. In their graves were buried wisdom, knowledge, and power. Love and piety wept floods of grief on the grass that covered them. So small a space of this great round globe does not contain more sacred dust. And, when the earth gives back its trust, a train of white-robed prophets will arise in that Princeton cemetery, and walk forth, the mortal putting on immortality; and he whose memory we have met to celebrate shall lead the way to the foot of the throne and the Lamb.

At the conclusion of Dr. Prime's remarks, and before the adjournment, Col. Goodrich gave an invitation to the descendants to visit "The Edwards House" between the hours of seven and eight in the

evening, and afterwards to meet at his own house for a reception.

An adjournment was then made to nine o'clock the next morning.

The visit to "The Edwards Place" was made very interesting by the politeness of Mr. Reed, the owner, who took pleasure in pointing out to his visitors every thing which was associated with the name of Edwards. The little eight-by-four corner in which, and the table *on* which, as some think, he wrote "The Treatise on the Freedom of the Will," and other associated objects, were inspected by many a curious eye.

The reception at Col. Goodrich's afforded great enjoyment. The house was built by the oldest son of Pres. Edwards, Judge Timothy Edwards, who lived and died there in 1813. Under its roof, that evening, were gathered nearly two hundred people in whose veins flowed the blood of a common ancestor. The company dispersed between ten and eleven o'clock, recognizing with gratitude the hospitality of their host, which had contributed so largely to their enjoyment.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7.

At nine o'clock, the meeting was called to order by the vice-president, who to-day, in consequence of the indisposition of the president, occupied the chair. The hymn by Dr. Dwight, —

"I love thy kingdom, Lord," —

was sung by the congregation; after which prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. E. W. Hooker.

The arrangement for this morning's session had been several short addresses and the reading of two poems by members of the family. There were also letters to be read, and some business to be transacted: and it was hoped there would be time for volunteer speeches and some devotional exercises in conclusion; but, for want of time, this plan could not be fully carried out.

The chairman, rising, said, There is one of the descendants present who has been rector of the Monumental Church in Richmond, Va., for nearly forty years. I am happy to introduce to you Rev. George Woodbridge, D.D., of Richmond.

REMARKS

OF REV. DR. WOODBRIDGE.

Mr. President, and Members of this Edwards Gathering, — One in object and one in relationship, I greet you all.

There are two facts in the life of our common ancestor which may not be generally known; or which, if known, have hardly been considered with the attention they deserve. The *first* is, that, out of his eleven children, seven were born on Sunday: the *other* is, that each of his children was baptized the Sunday after its birth.

The *first* of these is certainly remarkable. How often do we observe, in the lives of holy men of God, that the events of Providence seem to be so arranged as to meet and anticipate their wishes and desires! Especially is this to be observed in the events attending the close of life. How strikingly was this the case with William Wilberforce and Henry Venn!

We have often heard and read of those who expressed a wish that they might leave this world and enter upon life eternal on Sunday; and how often have we seen their desires granted! It would seem as though God, with all a father's tenderness and love, desires to gratify the wishes of his children when it can be done without injury to themselves or to others.

There might not have been, and probably there was not, in Pres. Edwards's mind, any wish or thought entertained on this subject. Yet still we cannot but believe that the kind providence of God so ordered these events as to give pleasure to the mind of his servant. For, if it would be a pleasure to enter upon life everlasting on that day, when, throughout the earth, his servants are engaged in his worship, and are offering their prayers and their praises in his holy place, much more would it be gratifying to enter upon *existence* at such a time; to begin a life which is to run parallel with the lifetime of the Almighty, and especially a life which needs every advantage and every influence we can gain from any and every source, that it may be spent for our good and for his glory.

The first that broke the chain in this succession was my grandmother Lucy, who was the fifth in the order of birth, and who was born on Tuesday.

The *other* fact, that each of his children was baptized the Sunday after its birth, is also a fact of great interest.

It is very evident that Pres. Edwards entertained a far higher sense of the importance of the sacraments than is generally entertained by Christian people

now, or even by his descendants. He advocated the celebration of the Lord's supper every Lord's Day; and he had so high a sense of the importance of baptism, that he felt he could not too soon, for the benefit of his children, avail himself of the blessings of God's covenant, nor too soon bring them to Christ for his blessing, nor too soon introduce them into the membership of his church. "Every Christian family," said he, "ought to be, as it were, a little church consecrated to Christ, and wholly influenced and governed by his rules."

Hence, therefore, his children grew up into Christ. They knew no time in their lives when they were not influenced by Christian principles; and therefore, at a very early period, they openly consecrated themselves to the service of Christ. This, I believe, is the history of the majority of his children; though with that of some I have no precise information. This, however, is certainly true, that there are here this day two hundred of his descendants upon whom his mantle has fallen, and if not with a double portion, with at least a large portion, of his spirit.

It is remarkable, too, to observe the respectful veneration which his children ever entertained towards him. In all their correspondence with their parents, they ever addressed them as "Honored Sir," or "Honored Madam." And yet the letters on both sides breathe throughout the utmost tenderness and love. This respect and reverence seemed to pervade the whole household. Whenever the parents entered the room, all rose till they were seated; whenever the parents spoke, instantly every voice was hushed in respectful silence till they had finished: and yet there was

the utmost unreserve in all the domestic intercourse. And, after the evening meal, the father, abandoning himself to the full tide of gentleness and tenderness that was in his nature, gave himself up to the quiet enjoyment of the family conversation, contributing his full share of genial humor and amusement to the pleasant fireside-scene.

Mr. President, if there be one thing more than another for which a man should be devoutly grateful, it is that of being descended from parents of great moral worth, and integrity of character; for certainly moral qualities are transmitted as well as intellectual and physical. In the old Roman families, we find the peculiar features of the progenitors perpetuated for ages all along the line, and reproduced long afterwards in the children. The Catos, the Scipios, the Brutuses, were individualized throughout the whole history of the republic. The family of the Guises in France were distinguished for several generations for the same striking qualities, of which one was the far-famed smile of the race.

But it is important, too, to observe that even piety is, to a certain extent, an inheritance. "The children are holy" by virtue of their very birth from Christian parents.

With a spirit of devout thankfulness, therefore, am I here this day to join you all in returning thanks to the God of our fathers that we have received our birth from one so highly favored of God as was PRESIDENT EDWARDS. I have come to this place because here he found a refuge and a home. I have come to this place on a pilgrimage, as a religious duty, that I might contribute to swell the anthem of praise and of prayer

to Him who hath given us such a goodly heritage; and I have come that I may catch and carry back to my distant home a higher, holier spirit of consecration to Him who hath done such great things for us.

Among the addresses to which I yesterday listened, I was much surprised to hear the wonder expressed, and expressed more than once, that he should have produced so great an impression by his preaching; and I was still more surprised to hear it ascribed to the force of his intellect. That had, undoubtedly, something to do with it; but comparatively little, however. He was known and felt to be a man of God: "*there* was the hiding of his power." It was his holiness which produced such effects: herein lay his great strength and his commanding eloquence. His biographer says of him, "One of the positive causes of his high character and great success as a preacher was the deep and pervading solemnity of his mind. He had at all times a solemn consciousness of the presence of God. This was visible in his looks and general demeanor. It obviously had a controlling influence over all his preparations for the desk, and was most manifest in all his public services. Its effect on an audience was immediate, and not to be resisted."

Mr. Woodbridge. — I see before me one of the descendants, whom I know to be possessed of some interesting facts pertaining to the oldest son of Pres. Edwards and his connection with Stockbridge and Berkshire County, and who is himself also the oldest son of Col. William Edwards, who, for far-reaching plans and true nobility of character, was surpassed

by few men of his generation. I am happy to introduce to you William W. Edwards, Esq., of Brooklyn, N.Y.

WILLIAM W. EDWARDS'S STATEMENTS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Allow me to congratulate you that so many of the descendants of our venerated ancestor are enabled to meet on this interesting occasion in this beautiful village, where he spent an important period of his life, and where he composed some of his most valued works. Taken away in the prime of his manhood and usefulness, the care of his orphan family devolved largely upon his oldest son Timothy, who, after graduating at Princeton, had married Miss Rhoda Ogden of Elizabethtown, N.J., and had settled in the midst of her relatives as a merchant.

The brief residence of the president at Stockbridge gave this son an opportunity to discover the great value of its location for mercantile business with the settlers, who were drawing rich harvests of *wheat* from its virgin soil; and in the year 1771 he removed his family — wife and six small children — hither, and opened, it is believed, the first store in the county of Berkshire, greatly prospering.

He built the house now owned by Mr. Henry Owen, on the green, occupying the east part of it for a store. He soon gained the esteem and confidence of the people, and became a leader among them. He was a decided Whig through the Revolutionary period; was a member of the Committee of Safety in 1776 for the county; was commissary of supplies for the United-States army; and devoted his private means

without stint to aid the government, and advance the cause of freedom in every possible way.

My father, Col. William Edwards, his sixth child, had a distinct recollection (being then five years and a half old), that, one sabbath morning, Squire Woodbridge and Deacon Nash came to his house with each a loaded musket ; and, after a few moments' consultation with his father, the three went out on to the green in front of the house, and each discharged his gun in quick succession ; that presently armed men came in by all the roads centring there ; that Dr. West came down from the hill among them ; that all gathered in the porch and in front while the good doctor commended them to the divine protection and blessing ; when the company formed, and marched towards Cambridge. Before twelve o'clock, noon, they had news of the battle of Lexington.

When Schuyler's army had gathered at Albany to repel Burgoyne's invasion, a messenger was despatched to him, requiring two thousand crowns in silver for contingencies before the army could move forward. The money was sent, the invader was captured, forming one of the crowning events of the war.

These advances were repaid in Continental money, which his patriotism constrained him to hold ; so that, at the close of the war, his whole personal estate was swallowed in its almost total depreciation. He was afterwards a judge of probate, and filled many offices of trust and responsibility in the town and county. I knew him well the first sixteen years of my life. He was a fine specimen of the old school ; wore a drab suit, standing collar, and white

top-boots ; whose presence commanded respect from all who saw him. He died in 1812. His remains, with those of his wife, repose in the beautiful cemetery opposite this church ; while the remains of twelve of his children are scattered from Maine to South Carolina, and west to the Great Lakes, — one only surviving, now ninety years of age.

My first introduction to his family was on this wise: Three boys of us, aged eight and six years and six months, were brought over from Northampton, in 1805, in a sleigh, through a driving snow-storm, by our parents, over the Becket Hills, to Stockbridge, in a day and a half, with severe exposure. These three boys are here to-day, — two of them the oldest present who have the name of Edwards.

This beautiful village now presents many of the features of that hour. Its skirt of mountains and hills ; its meadows, and the swift river which flows through them ; its broad streets and lanes, now so beautifully shaded by the growth of its trees, — are but little changed.

We lived in the plain house, now greatly improved, and owned by Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, — the first house to the left as you enter the village from the dépôt ; the iron horse and his solid rails having superseded the old paths. His fine meadow lay over the way up the Housatonic ; and his large farm was imbosomed in the Tyringham Mountain, about a mile south of his residence, — a famous place in that day for strawberries.

There was the fine old mansion of Judge Sedgwick, imbosomed, then as now, with shade-trees and flowers, — only smaller trees and fewer flowers.

I was early taught to reverence the fearless old judge, who decided that the plain language of the Bill of Rights of the nation meant as it read, "That all men were created free and equal," &c.; thereby striking off the chains of every slave in the State. What torrents of blood, to which many members of this great family have contributed their full quota, would have been spared, had this decision been confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, as it should have been! The house my grandfather built, then owned and occupied by Barnabas Bidwell, the great Democratic lawyer of that day, now owned and greatly improved by Mr. Owen; the old tavern and stage-house of Mrs. Bingham, on the corner; the academy, where our cousin Sally Woodbridge first taught our young ideas how "to shoot" at the public school therein; the dwelling of Squire Woodbridge, and many others, — all more or less modernized, — still mark the abodes of elegance and ease; while the appearance of such numbers of strangers here to-day, sharing so largely the hospitality of the citizens, is evidence unmistakable that the present generation of its citizens are the worthy descendants and successors of its early founders.

Mr. Woodbridge. — There are many present who remember the beautiful Louisa Hopkins. She was the aunt of Pres. Hopkins. One of her sons is here to-day. He was born in the house where Lucy Edwards lived and died. Whatever his speech may be, his "bodily presence" at least, as you see, is not "contemptible." I have the pleasure of introducing Joseph Effingham Woodbridge, Esq., of Brooklyn, N.Y.

REMARKS OF JOSEPH E. WOODBRIDGE.

Mr. Chairman, — I was deeply interested when I was informed that this meeting was to be held in my native village of Stockbridge.

And, sir, I feel under personal obligations to you for the persistent efforts that have contributed in so large a degree to secure this gathering of the "clan" from such distant and different points of our common country.

We are convened under very happy auspices, and surrounded by very pleasant associations. It gives me great pleasure to meet you, and extend to you all my cordial, personal congratulations.

We meet as the descendants of a great and good man, whose character we admire, whose labors we honor; who illustrated the power of the gospel by his earnest and well-spent life. We have always been taught to cherish his memory. We rejoice to believe that his example and his writings are still working down through the centuries of time, and accomplishing the ends for which he labored while here on the earth.

When I look around upon this assemblage, the inquiry naturally suggests itself, "The fathers — where are they? and the prophets — do they live forever?" We of the third generation are here, and are now the fathers. We stand in the front rank. Some of us, more or less recently, have been called to part with friends that were very dear to us; who, had they lived to this time, would have felt the deepest interest in this meeting. We are soon to follow them, and our children are to fill our places.

When my grandfather, Jahleel Woodbridge, had become old, and his eyes were dim by reason of age, he asked my father every day to read to him from the Bible; and he often requested him to read from Deuteronomy. It was matter of curiosity with me why this particular portion of Holy Scripture had such attraction for him. I concluded it was because the providence of God in that book had such manifest development, and because such specific instructions are given for teaching children the words of God, as in that remarkable passage, — "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." On one occasion, when thinking on this subject, I opened to the thirty-third chapter, which begins, "And this is the blessing wherewith Moses, the man of God, blessed the children of Israel before his death: and he said, The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and he came with ten thousand of saints: from his right hand went a fiery law for them," &c. I could not but think the whole chapter must have afforded him the richest Christian delight.

It was on such sublime truths the men of that generation fed; on such revelations of the wondrous power and faithfulness of God, which wrought in them the fidelity and strength of Christian character which call forth our respect, and deserve our imitation. He, and his brother-in-law Timothy Edwards, lived here in Stockbridge. My father has often said that his father and Timothy were bosom-friends. They

were about the same age, lived near each other, and were much together. Eighty years ago, Squire Edwards and Judge Woodbridge were familiar names in Stockbridge.

Both of these good men thought every thing of family influence, of the proper training of children. They both had large families; and it is safe to say that few families in Stockbridge were under better discipline. Household religion was, with them, a matter of deep concern: they endeavored to make it a reality. In each family, there were eight or ten children that grew up; and all, we think, of both families, lived and died with a good Christian name.

Mr. Chairman, I understand that it is in contemplation to erect a monument to the memory of Pres. Edwards; to locate it on the ground where the mission-chapel stood, and where the Rev. John Sergeant first labored for the benefit of the Stockbridge tribe of Indians, and where Edwards, his successor, took up the work, and, for nearly seven years, labored in the gospel for his red and white brethren.

Sir, let us build this monument, and locate it on that sacred spot in this beautiful Valley of the Housatonic; and, in the words of Webster at the completion of the monument on Bunker Hill, "may the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the last rays of the setting sun linger and play on its summit!"

We are soon to meet for the last time around those tables spread by the hospitable people of Stockbridge under yonder capacious tent. We shall then separate. But I believe we shall meet again in our heavenly home in our Father's house, with our Elder Brother and our kindred who have gone before us,

where our social enjoyments will be perpetual with each other and with Him who has redeemed us by his blood, and we shall go no more out forever.

Mr. Woodbridge. — The women of the Edwards family have ever been distinguished for character. They are still a power in the land. How much is due to their sweet and gentle influence, their earnest prayers and Christian example, their faith and works combined, eternity only will reveal.

And they come to this gathering from the South and from the West.

Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, accompanied by two of her sons and her daughter, is here to-day from Newbern, N.C.

Mrs. Clarke is the grand-daughter of Mrs. Frances Devereux, who was herself a grand-daughter of Pres. Edwards. "Mrs. Devereux was a woman of remarkable intellectual endowments; and was famed in the Presbyterian Church, both North and South, for her piety and liberality." It will be seen that Mrs. Clarke inherits in no small degree the intellect and genius of her honored grandmother.

I am happy to introduce to you Prof. Frank D. Clarke, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York City, who will make a few remarks, and will read a poem furnished for the occasion by his mother.

REMARKS

BY FRANK D. CLARKE;

AND POEM.

We are gathered here to-day not only in memory of our renowned ancestor, but also, I hope, to form

friendships among ourselves, — friendships which shall place these two days among the pleasant memories of life, and cause them, in life's checkered calendar, to be marked evermore with white.

In my whole life, I have never before had the good fortune even to see such an assembly as this, — one so large, so cultivated and refined, and though from so many different States of the Union, yet looking up to one common ancestor, and collected here, on the field of his greatest labors, to do honor to his illustrious name.

I feel very much as the youngest son of some large family must when he is "stood" upon a table, and told to declaim before an assembled host of uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers, and sisters: only I feel a thousand times more honored, and not half so confident of success.

Wherever I have wandered, — in the forests of Carolina, or on the prairies of Texas; among the hills of New England, or by the bayous of Louisiana; by the borders of the Mississippi, or on the banks of the Hudson, — in every place I have heard the name of Jonathan Edwards extolled, not only as the ablest metaphysician from Leibnitz to Kant, and the greatest theologian of his century, but as the brightest example of Christian purity and humility carried into the daily affairs of life. And the fact that his blood flows in my veins has been one of those things which I have always mentioned with a blush of honest pride.

Whether teaching the savage Housatonnucks, or the enlightened students of Princeton; whether addressing his congregation with his voice, or the whole

English-speaking world, both present and to come, with his pen, — he never forgot to live as though the present hour would be his last. To know his duty, and to perform it, was the object he kept constantly in sight. Well would it be for America if her young men would take him for an example, and strive, if not to equal him in intellect, at least to imitate his Christian, God-fearing life.

But of the fame of Edwards it is needless for me to speak. His name will ring through the world; his works will be read when most of the hosts of warriors, statesmen, poets, and orators, who have arisen since, shall be known no more; and the names of Washington, Franklin, and Edwards, — America's patriot, philosopher, and divine, — will be remembered as long as she shall continue a nation.

I trace my descent from Pres. Edwards through one of his daughters. Perhaps it is owing to this fact that I am so strongly in favor of woman's rights; at least, in favor of that right of every woman to get all the work she can out of every man. Believing in this right of woman, I am here to-day to read the following poem, written by my mother, Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke of North Carolina: —

Who is this we come to honor?
'Tis no hero of renown,
Who, amid the rush of battle,
Seized a deathless laurel-crown.

'Tis no statesman famed in council,
Who, with skill and wisdom great,
Steered through reefs and shoals and quicksands
Into port the Ship of State.

'Tis no poet, all impassioned,
And by genius true inspired;
Nor a speaker, fervid, glowing,
Who his country's heart hath fired.

Stars like these in clusters have we,
Who to fame are not unknown;
But the one we come to honor
In his glory shines alone.

Monarch of a realm majestic,
Where no action could intrude,
He, an iceberg on Time's ocean,
Floats in mighty solitude.

Fancy lends his fame no brightness;
Though at times her dyes are wrought
Round the lofty pinnacles
Of his pure, clear, icy thought.

His was not the tongue of fire
Which his hearers swayed at will;
But his voice was that of reason,
Irresistible and still.

And o'er heroes, statesmen, poets,
Great logician and divine,
With thy calm and steady radiance
Thou forevermore shalt shine;

For thou wert no freak of Nature,
Wert no meteor flashing bright,
But the sun of Reason's system,
Giving to the world thy light.

Hon. Jonathan Edwards of New Haven here made some very interesting statements respecting the portraits of Pres. Edwards and wife, which hung, during the whole meeting, one on either side of the pulpit.

REMARKS

OF JONATHAN EDWARDS OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., ON THE PICTURES OF REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS AND HIS WIFE SARAH PIERREPONT.

The original portraits of Pres. Edwards and his wife are now in possession of the family of the late Jonathan Walter Edwards, Esq., of Hartford, Conn. They were painted about the year 1740, in Boston, at the request and expense, it is believed, of a Mr. Hogg, and were forwarded to him in Scotland. At the decease of Mr. Hogg they passed into the hands of his sister, who presented them to the Rev. Dr. John Erskine of Edinburgh. After the American Revolution, my grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, the second son of the president, made application to Dr. Erskine to purchase the portraits; and the latter gentleman declined to sell them: but, on learning that no other portraits of the president and his wife existed, he sent them to this country as a present to Dr. Edwards; and they have remained in my father's family since the death of his father in 1801.

This is the tradition in the family respecting these portraits. I regret that no additional facts have been ascertained; nor can any letters regarding them now be found. I am indebted to my aunt, the late Mrs. Mary Hoyt, who was the oldest daughter of my grandfather, for the tradition as here given. The pictures probably reached this country toward the close of the last century; as the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, a grandson of Pres. Edwards, says in his autobiography that he visited his uncle in Colebrook, Conn., in 1798, when in the fourteenth year of his age, and there saw those pictures, — a fact which he recol-

lected through a long life of subsequent blindness with satisfaction and pleasure. I have myself a distinct remembrance of the arrival of those pictures at my father's house in Hartford after the death of Dr. Edwards in 1801. They remained there until the death of my father in 1831, and have since been carefully preserved by my sisters.

These portraits were probably painted by John Smybert; but this is not capable of demonstration. Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight, in his Life of Pres. Edwards, states that they were painted in Boston about the year 1740, and that the president and his wife went to Boston to sit for them; the journey from Northampton having, it is said, been made on horseback. There were at that time but two portrait-painters in Boston, Smybert and Blackburn; and the former had the best reputation. Smybert came to this country in 1728 with Dean (afterwards Bishop) Berkeley, who came here with the object of founding a college in Bermuda. He brought Smybert with him as an artist of reputation, who had studied in Italy, and who would probably become "professor of drawing, painting, and architecture, in his intended institution." Bishop Berkeley established himself at Newport, R. I., and remained there about two years; but, his plans and his funds failing, he relinquished his design, and returned to England. Smybert, however, preferred to remain here, and established himself in Boston in 1730, where he remained until his decease in 1751. Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck says of him and his pictures, that "the best portraits we have of eminent magistrates and divines of New England and New York, who lived

between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil." Of Blackburn all that we know is that he was nearly contemporary with Smybert, and painted very respectable portraits in Boston. William Dunlap, in his "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," says that "Smybert had a powerful and lasting effect on the arts of design in this country. We see the influence of Smybert and his works upon Copley, Trumbull, and Allston." There is in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College a large picture painted by Smybert, representing Bishop Berkeley and his family, together with the artist himself, on their first landing in America, — the largest picture then ever painted in the United States; and it is stated also to be the first picture painted in this country that embraced more than a single figure. This picture represents the bishop, his wife and child, a young lady, and three gentlemen, friends of the family. In style of painting and of execution it corresponds with that of the portraits of Pres. Edwards and his wife very strongly; which leads to the conclusion that they were painted by the same artist.

It has been stated that these portraits were painted by Copley. But this is improbable, as Copley was but thirteen years of age when Smybert died in 1751, and but three years old when these portraits were painted.

The portraits exhibited at Stockbridge were painted about the year 1828 by Rembrandt Peale of Philadelphia, and are now in the possession of Eli Whitney, Esq., of New Haven, Conn. Copies painted by J. H. Shegogue, formerly of New-York City, about the year 1845, are now owned by Dr. T. Dwight Porter of New York. At a later date, E. A. Loop of New

York made a number of copies, which are now owned by Alfred Edwards and Jonathan Edwards, Esqs., of New-York City, by William Samuel Johnson, Esq., of Stratford, Conn., and by Prof. Edwards A. Park of Andover, Mass. By the same artist, copies of the picture of the president were painted, which are now in the galleries of Yale and Princeton Colleges. The family owning the originals will cheerfully afford facilities for copying them whenever requested.

At the conclusion of Mr. Edwards's remarks, a recess was proposed, during which the whole family present were photographed. The picture was taken on the green in front of the church, under an elm-tree, and within a few feet of the very spot where stood the old Indian meeting-house in which Edwards preached more than a hundred years ago. The picture proved to be a good one, and is highly valued by those who possess it.

This occupied nearly three-quarters of an hour, when the exercises were resumed in the church. The meeting was called to order; and the chairman introduced to the audience Col. Mason W. Tyler of New York, son of Prof. Tyler of Amherst, one of the descendants, as the reader of the

MEMORIAL POEM

BY MRS. SARAH EDWARDS TYLER HENSHAW OF OTTAWA, ILL.

OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

I.

Cousins of near and of remote degree,
Nourished by sap of the same fruitful tree,

More distant branches some, while others run
Directly from the stem, — our Jonathan, —
Whether the Edwards name ye proudly wear,
Or titles scarcely less familiar bear, —
These who the Pierrepont and the Ogden write,
And *those* who claim the Davenport and Dwight, —
Woolsey and Winthrop, Whitney, Devereux,
Parsons and Porter, — better names few show, —
Woodbridge and Williams, Sedgwick, Park, and Whiting,
Tyler, Cornelius, Johnson, — all uniting,
With hands extended, and with words of greeting,
We bid you welcome to this Edwards meeting.

II.

To take appropriate and fit position
Such as will suit the family tradition,
I ought to say that hither we have sped
(Hereto, through free-will and fore-ordination,
Predestined, doubtless, from the world's foundation)
In recognition of our FEDERAL HEAD,
JONATHAN EDWARDS ; whom the Muse doth paint
Metaphysician, author, preacher, saint.
His works we have, bound in enduring calf,
(Excepting for the learned, too deep by half ;)
But that they really are with us still,
In *living* forms of "Edwards on the Will,"
Witness, *ye Edwards wives !* who one and all
Are forced to see how fell we at the Fall !
Total depravity — forgive the hint —
They (orthodox !) believe in without stint !

III.

And, first, a backward look is meet and right
At him in whom our blood and name unite.
Let then GREAT JONATHAN, immortal shade!
Stand forth, a vision to our eyes displayed.
Mark the grand mien; the distant, cold gray eyes;
And, as he enters, like his children rise, —
Rise, and, like them, in reverent silence stand
Till seated by a gesture of his hand.
Then listen to his words, nor dare presume
To speak so long as he is in the room.
When he departs, once more obeisance pay;
And once more rise as soft he glides away.

IV.

The times are changed; and vainly we inquire
To-day for such respect from son to sire.
Let us confess these are degenerate days,
And from this lesson mend our modern ways.
Truly the times *are* changed; and, treasured deep,
This strong example let us inly keep.
Surely the Edwards race should not neglect
To offer or exact a due respect.
Not only love let us our children teach,
But prompt obedience and fitting speech,
And all set forth by such a manner meet
As only makes affection quite complete.

V.

The silver porringer from which he ate
While pondering the deep decrees of fate;
The city fair, within whose classic shades
He wooed and won the loveliest of maids;

The giant elm, beneath whose branches grand
His philosophic works he sat and planned;
The college, where his memory, like a shrine,
Sheds, as is held, a lustre nigh divine;
Stockbridge, Northampton, Princeton, each a name
Wrought with his own in an enduring fame;
And fair New Haven, birthplace of his wife,—
Round the still picture of our sire's still life.

VI.

But, though that life stole silently along,
Think not it lacked a current deep and strong.
Behold him in the pulpit!—as a seer
He handles heights and depths, the far and near:
Forth flash the lightnings from those dark gray eyes,
As, painting sin, and challenging the skies,
The sinner's deep damnation he portrays,
And points to reeling worlds and hell ablaze!
Men listen, mutely cowering in amaze,
Then shuddering sob, and rise as if to fly;
While women shriek, and, fainting, prostrate lie;
And the scared pastor, rallying from the shock,
Begs him to spare his terror-smitten flock!

VII.

From sacred desk to-day we seldom hear
The ponderous terms unto our fathers dear:
Like Titans with the rocks in times of old,
They fought with weapons we could never hold.
"The federal headship," "the effectual call,"
"Predestination," "sin original,"
"God's sovereignty," "imputed righteousness,"
"The twofold covenant of works and grace,"

"Free-will," "election," and "fore-ordination,"
"Total depravity" and "reprobation,"
"Saints' perseverance" and God's deep "decrees," —
Although we hear but little now of these,
We yet may humbly hope to us are given
Faith, hope, and charity beloved of Heaven.

VIII.

Theology, 'tis thus the Muse declares,
Is but the costume which Religion wears.
In shape and fit the garments widely range;
But the sweet form beneath them knows no change.
The same in every race, in every age,
The same as painted on the sacred page,
Love is her life, love is her essence fine, —
Love for her brother-man and God divine.
Sometimes her votaries adoring praise
Her tender sweetness, her majestic ways;
Anon some more devoted worshipper
Is moved to wrath at those who love not *her*.

IX.

Thus was our ancestor: his spirit stern
With central fires intense thus came to burn.
Like Babylonian shrine of sacrifice,
Seven times more hot the flames were seen to rise,
Because within that fiery, glowing heart
Walked the dear Saviour of our race apart.
What though the flames singed those who came too nigh;
What though the heat warned other some to fly:
Thus did that burning soul devotion prove,
And thus his anger measured forth his love.

. . . . . .

X.

Sweet Sarah Pierrepont! 'twere no act of grace
Did the Muse fail to call *thee* forth to-day:
Sweet ancestress! I see thy radiant face,
Although so long it has been hid in clay.
O fair and pure! whose tender young heart turned
Unto our sire and God until it burned
With a thrice holy flame of sacred fire
That shot up heavenward, higher still, and higher,
Bearing, most like Manoah's sacrifice,
The angel that thou wast into the skies.
Sweet mother! thy forgiveness here I seek,
If gazing in thy face, which seems to speak,
With sigh, and swelling heart, and springing tear,
I thus conjure thee, fancying thou canst hear:—

TO THE PORTRAIT OF SARAH PIERREPONT.

1.

O lustrous eyes so dark and deep,
Filled with a shimmering haze!
O eyes that holy vigils keep!
Tears into mine unbidden leap
As I return your gaze.
Why look on us with mild surprise,
Ancestress of the beautiful eyes?

2.

O delicate mouth so firm and sweet,
So tender and so mild!
Would it could break in blessings meet,
And words of wisdom here repeat
Unto thy yearning child!

Even thy chidings would confess,
O mother fair! thy tenderness.

3.

For, though thou might'st not all approve
  Thy children of to-day,
Thy warnings would be filled with love;
And sunlight, as from heaven above,
  Around thy words would play, —
A light to guide and cheer and bless,
O dear and lovely ancestress!

4.

A halo seems to gild thy brow,
  A radiance not of earth
Thee doth a saintliness endow,
As if the heaven where thou art now
  Dwelt near thee from thy birth;
And I could fancy thou dost pray
For us, thy children, here to-day.

. . . . . .

XI.

In making up our roll of mark and fame,
We pause at one illustrious, clouded name,
Then write it with a sigh. Oh, cease to slur,
Harsh critic, our proud, brilliant AARON BURR!
In Calvinism stern a keen adept, —
Theology which he could ne'er accept, —
Like Noah's dove which from the ark arose,
He found no other shelter or repose.
By light of lurid fires yet scarcely dim,
How looks the justice meted out to him?

What was the treason of a dreamer's brain
To that which hath its tens of thousands slain?
What that which would acquire a foreign land
To that against its own which raised its hand?
And wherefore o'er Burr's memory ceaseless rave,
While Davis goes unchallenged to his grave?

XII.

For Burr, then, and his Theodosia, rise
From us, at least, regrets and sorrowing sighs.
The child of Error, but of Genius too,
We, we, at least, hold not his faults to view:
We only know he was a child of prayer;
We only feel, of none should we despair;
We only think how, through long, anxious years,
Our pious Edwardses with hopes and fears
For his salvation wrestled, prayed, and wept,
Concerts of prayer and frequent vigils kept.
Now lay a wreath upon his lowly sod,
And leave the sleeper with his fathers' God.

XIII.

Noting "the second president," — the son
Of Jonathan the first, — whose name has won,
Despite his father's overshadowing claim,
A place conspicuous on our roll of fame,
The Muse, in characters of living light,
Hastes to inscribe the lustrous name of DWIGHT.
Yale's brilliant president in by-gone days,
Winning the scholar's, poet's, author's praise,
With gentle dignity almost are seen
His steps still moving o'er the college-green;
And ever on that college from afar
Shines his pure memory as a radiant star.

XIV.

Whether or no the Edwards intellect
To-day is such as challenges respect,
Although the Muse too modest is to show it,
Speak Wendell Holmes, philosopher and poet!
The Brahmins of New England, thus he says,
Are chiefly found in certain families,
Of whom the Edwards line is one. And they —
These Brahmins — form our ruling caste to-day, —
The intellectual nobles of mankind,
Aristocrats in the great realm of mind.
From such a source such praise is choice indeed:
Permit it no small vanity to breed;
But rather let it gratitude evolve,
Lofty ambition, and a high resolve.

XV.

At least, we know our Edwards women fair
Have, by their marriages, brought talent rare,
And such as well may call out all our pride
Into the line to which they are allied, —
Hopkins, the theologian and the sage,
Original thinker of a thinking age;
Cornelius, whose rich powers of mind and heart
Drew, in his manhood's prime, Death's venomed dart;
Sedgwick, a name that everywhere doth seem
Of talent versatile the synonyme;
Whitney, whose rare inventive genius shone
To light King Cotton to his Southern throne;
And our own Park, the reverend and dear,
The wise philosopher, the brilliant, clear,
And learned professor, author, wit, divine,
An ornament to any age and line.

XVI.

No Edwards now at Princeton, Learning's seat,
Wakes echo with his presidential feet ;
But at *Yale* point we with a conscious pride,
Where WOOLSEY sits revered, the chief and guide.
Whatever others may be written down,
How make or mar the family renown,
In him we are assured great Jonathan
Would recognize his true, his worthy son.
In learning, scholarship, and culture fine,
As author, teacher, moralist, divine,
Him do we own — who will the Muse gainsay? —
Our Edwards representative to-day.

XVII.

Our Edwards ladies do not seem to share
Concerning "women's rights" the present care.
If any are "strong-minded" found the while,
(Save in the practical, old-fashioned style,
Of late so out of vogue, so little known,)
Unto the Muse it hath not yet been shown.
They think no hardship that their talents fine
Upon their families should chiefly shine,
But rather to their households careful look,
As witness the CORNELIUS COOKERY BOOK!
Almost inspired, how shall I set thee forth?
What Edwards work excels thee, book of worth?
To housekeeper distressed, to novice tried,
Thou'rt known as comforter and help and guide,
And prov'st the Edwards mind at home can be
In metaphysics or gastronomy.

XVIII.

ELIZABETH SEDGWICK'S pen in former years
Knew how to reach the source of smiles and tears;
The children's books of LAURA JOHNSON lie
On nearest shelf of many a library;
Sweet MARY PORTER, by far China seas,
To-day.ease, friends, and home relinquishes,
That she may teach her heathen sisters there
The bliss of purity, and worth of prayer;
While SARAH COWEN, in the war just fought,
With head and heart and pen so grandly wrought,
As with Connecticut's her name to write
On page historic, in enduring light.

XIX.

And the dread war through which we just have passed
(Oh, pray sweet Heaven that it may be our last!)
Proved that in loyalty and courage grand
Our blood compares with any in the land.
WINTHROP, with whom so oft beneath the shade
Of fair New Haven's noble elms I've strayed,
Offer what word can I to swell thy praise?
What leaf contribute to thy wreath of bays?
Who would have thought as thus we gently walked,
Who would have thought as thus we playful talked,
That storm and fire and blood and death and night
Would wrap our land, and snatch thee from our sight?
Warrior, scholar, author, loyal heart!
With pen and sword well hast thou done thy part.
Pass on, pass on, and take a foremost place
Among the choicest of our blood and race.

XX.

Antietam, field of blood! before mine eyes,
Dimmed with quick-springing tears, dost thou arise.
O August sun! remit thy fiercest rays;
O sulphurous clouds! dissolve, that we may gaze
Where helpless, wounded, bleeding, soon to die,
WILLIAM DWIGHT SEDGWICK doth all prostrate lie.
Far in the front, fallen early in the fray,
With heart undaunted, all that fearful day
'Twixt the two armies calmly there he lay,
While thundering cannon shook his dying bed,
And demon shells flew screaming o'er his head, —
Lay, and inscribed on tablets (oh, how dear!)
Notes of the fray, words of farewell and cheer.
O grand heroic soul! thy courage high
Thrills every heart, and moistens every eye:
With tender pride thy kindred speak thy name,
And to the gallant Winthrop's join thy fame.

XXI.

Poured out at Wagner's fierce, tremendous strife,
Young ROBERT SEDGWICK EDWARDS his brave life.
Fair, noble boy! no fragrant flowers of May
Thy grave shall deck on the Memorial Day;
For where thy manly form went down in death,
Where was exhaled thy last expiring breath,
To mourning kindred never may be known,
That we may mark the spot with tear or stone.
Thy sword upon the rampart thou didst wave,
Then sink among the loyal, true, and brave.
Enough that, while life lasts, a brother's sighs
Unto thy memory shall as incense rise;
Enough that still a sister's sorrowing tears
Baptize that memory through the lonely years.

XXII.

Our TYLERS OF CONNECTICUT — a rare
Uncle and nephew, patriotic pair! —
Flew to the field with lofty hearts and bold,
And from the strife brought honors manifold.
Each won a general's stars, and each a name
Hailed by their countrymen with loud acclaim:
"General Robert Ogden," "General Dan," —
Young hero brave and brave old veteran, —
We have no prouder names in all the clan.

XXIII.

Of social dignities and titles fair
Thus seems it that our race has had its share:
Our Edwards to philosophy we've lent,
And to our nation a vice-president;
Our judges have administered the laws;
We've had our generals and governors,
Learned professors, college-presidents;
Women of common and *un*common sense;
Poets and authors have adorned our line,
The missionary, soldier, and divine;
While honorables, D.D.'s, and LL.D.'s,
Lie 'mong us like the leaves in autumn breeze,
Or, in more common parlance, "thick as peas."

XXIV.

But time doth fail. The Muse with warning look
Her white forefinger hath in private shook,
And whispered, "Cease this effort to indite:
The worthies of this line who all could write?
Unsaid, unsung, so many yet remain,
That to recount them all were all in vain. —

Whate'er you write," she adds, "sermon or song,
You may be any thing except *too long;*
Whate'er of knowledge you have sought or won,
'Tis nought unless you know when to have done."
Thus warned, I haste on you, O Edwards race!
To pray all heavenly good, all heavenly grace.
Long may it wave, the green old family-tree,
And cast its shadow broad from sea to sea!
The Edwards line — may it forever last!
The Edwards present — may it match the past!
The Edwards future — may it proudly claim
A record worthy our ancestral fame!

When this poem, which was read with great effect and listened to with deep interest, was concluded, the chairman read the following letter received by him from Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D., formerly of Albany, now Flushing, N.Y.: —

DR. SPRAGUE'S LETTER.

FLUSHING, L.I., Aug. 14, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. WOODBRIDGE, — Your very kind request, that I should be present at the great gathering in honor of your illustrious ancestor, I regret that I shall be obliged to decline. But I hardly need tell you that the occasion is one in which I, in common with a large portion of the Church, feel a very deep interest. Though Pres. Edwards had been in his grave more than thirty-five years before my birth, I well remember that his name was a household word in the neighborhood in which I lived, and especially in the family to which I belonged. The book of which

I have more vivid recollections than any other in my father's house was a volume of his sermons ; and there was but one book that we were taught to regard with higher veneration. Indeed, I may say that I was trained to a feeling of reverence whenever I took his name upon my lips ; and the fact that his birthplace was not very far from mine, probably rendered the feeling more intense. Well do I remember making diligent inquiry for the house where he was born at East Windsor ; and, at a later period, for the house in which he lived at Northampton ; and, later still, at Stockbridge. And, familiar as I have been with the house in which he lived and died at Princeton, I think I have rarely been in it without having visions of his august presence. And herein I suppose that I am only a faithful representative of a large portion of those who have enjoyed the same opportunities.

I doubt not that I have met in my early days a considerable number who have seen Pres. Edwards, and, perhaps, some who knew him well ; but the only individual whom I can now recall as having enjoyed the privilege even of seeing him was the venerable Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield. For some time after Dr. Lathrop's pastorate began there, he was a boarder in the family of Mrs. Hopkins, who was Mr. Edwards's sister. Some time during this period (I think it must have been while he was a resident of Stockbridge), he came to see her : but he came with his heart burdened with sorrow on account of having just heard of the death of some very dear relative ; if I mistake not, one of his own children. When the evening-hour for family devotion came, Mr. Lathrop asked Mr. Edwards to conduct the service ; but he declined, on the ground

that his sensibilities were so much awakened as to prevent his continued utterance. The next morning, however, when his spirit had become more calm, he consented to officiate; and well do I remember Dr. Lathrop's saying, that he never heard another prayer that brought heaven and earth so near together. The impressions that he received from that interview were, that, while Mr. Edwards had the strongest natural affections, he had a measure of faith that could ultimately control their exercise. The particulars of this interview are more familiar to me from my having heard Dr. Lathrop repeat them in a conversation with the Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, then of Boston, who was interested in gathering up all Dr. Lathrop's recollections concerning his great-grandfather. I remember, too, that Mr. Dwight inquired of him in respect to the personal appearance of Mr. Edwards, — especially whether he was fairly represented in his portraits; and his reply was, that he had seen no portrait of him that faithfully reflected his image as it was enstamped on his own memory. I do not remember that he attempted to tell wherein the portraits were deficient.

As I suppose that every thing pertaining to this great and good man has its interest, I will transcribe one or two very brief communications, the originals of which are in my possession, that seem to have an important bearing upon his history, though they shed no new light upon it. The first is a note addressed by his grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, to the Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, the redeemed captive, inviting him to Mr. Edwards's ordination. It is as follows: —

"NORTHAMPTON, Jan. 26, $17\frac{2}{7}$.

"REV. SIR, — Our church do desire your presence and attendance at the ordination of Mr. Jonathan Edwards this day three weeks.

"Your servant,

"SOLOMON STODDARD."

The other is important from its connection with the controversy in Northampton that brought about the disruption of his pastoral relation. Of the particular design of it I have no knowledge beyond what the document itself imparts: —

"I, the subscriber, do hereby signify and declare to such as it may concern, that if my people will wait till the book I am preparing for the press, relating to the admission of members into the church, is published, I will resign the ministry over this church, if the church desires it, after they have had opportunity pretty generally to read my said book, and after they have first asked advice of a council mutually chosen. The following things also being provided; viz., that none of the brethren be admitted to vote on this affair but such as have either read my said book, or have heard from the pulpit what I have to say in defence of the doctrine that is the subject of it; and that the society will engage that I shall be free from all rates, and also that a regular council approve of my thus resigning my pastoral office in this church. J. E.

"NORTHAMPTON, April 13, 1749."

I cannot forbear to add, that your anticipated gathering will be most gratefully responded to by many on the other side of the water; and I congratulate

you that you will have the presence of one who comes from the very institution of which Edwards also was president, and from the very house in which he died, whose testimony in regard to his transatlantic fame will be all that you could desire. I remember well, that, during the two brief visits that I have made in Europe, I heard the name of Edwards spoken more frequently and more reverently than that of any other of my countrymen; and no one was more loud and earnest in his praises than the great Dr. Chalmers, and that notwithstanding their views on some minor points were not in perfect harmony. It is safe to say, that no man has lived since the Reformation who has left behind him a brighter or more enduring record than Pres. Edwards.

Regretting that I cannot be present to enjoy the jubilee, and rejoicing with you in the prospect of it,

I am, with great regard, most sincerely yours,

W. B. Sprague.

The question of erecting a monument by the descendants to the memory of Jonathan Edwards was then introduced; and, after a brief discussion, it was moved that a committee of six be appointed by the chair to take action on the subject, according to their discretion.

The following gentlemen were named: —

Hon. Jonathan Edwards of New Haven.
Henry Edwards, Esq., of Boston.
Hon. Jos. W. Edwards of Marquette, Mich.
Eli Whitney, Esq., New Haven,
Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., New York.
W. Dwight Bell, Esq., Philadelphia.

Rev. JONA. E. WOODBRIDGE of Auburndale was added to the number by an amendment proposed by Pres. Woolsey.

Hon. Jonathan Edwards of New Haven submitted the following resolutions to the meeting for their adoption : —

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the cordial welcome which has been extended to us by the people of Stockbridge, and the unbounded liberality which they have displayed in preparing for our reception, have contributed greatly to the pleasure of our visit, and merit our warmest thanks.

Resolved, That the name of this beautiful town, and the memory of its warm-hearted inhabitants, will hereafter be associated in our minds with the recollections of this family gathering ; and that Stockbridge will, from this time forth, be considered the traditional home of the Edwards family.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Edwards family be presented to the choir of this church, and to the curator of this house, for the services they have kindly rendered us during our meeting.

Resolved, That we tender to the committee of entertainment, and to the ladies and gentlemen who have assisted them, our sincere thanks for the hospitality and courtesy they have extended to us, and for the generous provisions they have made for our comfort.

It was proposed that the vote with regard to the resolutions be taken by rising. The chair then put the motion, and the whole family rose *en masse*.

The hour of adjournment having arrived, the morning's session was closed with prayer by Mr. Jonathan Edwards of Forest City, Neb.

This venerable man came from that distant region to attend the "family gathering." The last occasion of his visiting Stockbridge was to attend the funeral of his grandfather, Timothy Edwards, in 1813, — fifty-seven years previous.

The meeting was then adjourned to the tent for dinner; after which an hour or so was to be spent in listening to addresses from several gentlemen of Stockbridge and Berkshire County.

AT THE TABLES,

Blessing was invoked by Pres. Woolsey.

Rev. Dr. Hooker exhibited the silver porringer from which Pres. Edwards was accustomed to eat his simple meal of bread and milk. This was passed around from one to another at the tables, that such as chose might take from it a sip of coffee. Other relics were also shown. And here we take occasion to mention, that the wedding-dress in which, more than a century and a half before, the beautiful Sarah Pierrepont became the bride of the young minister, was on exhibition; also Pres. Edwards's valedictory address in his own hand, in Latin, which he uttered when he took his bachelor's degree, September, 1720, being then not quite seventeen years of age. Two large books, "Poole's Annotations," printed more than two hundred years ago, which lay constantly upon his study-table, together with letters, manuscripts, and a portrait of the only surviving grandchild of the president, were on exhibition at the church.

At the dinner, David Dudley Field, Esq., invited the entire company to an afternoon reception at his summer mansion, which crowns the hill, and looks down upon a magnificent expanse of vale and field and hills. We may here say that an hour or two of great enjoyment was passed at this magnificent place.

When the dinner had been sufficiently discussed, the chairman proposed the following sentiment: —

"Stockbridge, — her record is on high;" which called up Rev. H. M. Field, D.D.

ADDRESS BY REV. DR. FIELD.

Mr. President, — This day is sacred to our guests; and we who are not of your blood and lineage hardly feel at liberty to intrude upon this domestic scene. We know how it is here in New England when a large family comes together to keep its thanksgiving festival; when father and mother, and the aged grandparents, and children of several generations, are gathered under one roof, and the huge fire is blazing on the broad hearthstone, and the curtains are let down to shut out the world. It is the prayer of all,

"To-night let no cold stranger come."

So we stand without, content only to look on silent but delighted spectators. It is ours only to speak the words of welcome and farewell. Your welcome is in all our hearts. When Mr. Woodbridge wrote to me to ask if the descendants of Pres. Edwards might hold a family gathering in old Stockbridge, I answered at once, speaking, as I felt it safe to do, for the people of this hospitable town, that we should

count it an honor to receive them as our guests. It is indeed a privilege thus to receive the gifted and the good; to have them sit at our firesides and our tables. The saying of our Saviour, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is nowhere more true than in the giving of hospitality. When a good man enters under our roof, he brings a blessing with him; and, though he tarry but for a night, the savor of his presence abides when he is gone. The serenity of his countenance diffuses a sweetness in the room, and the memory of his prayers lingers in the very air like a benediction. You, sir, and your kindred, have rendered us a double favor by your coming, — in the enjoyment of your own society, and in the memories you revive of your illustrious ancestor. We knew his history before; we pass every day the house where he lived: but you have brought back afresh all the details of his life among us; you have opened your stores of tradition and family letters, and thence unfolded so many reminiscences of the great man, that he seems to wake from the sleep of a hundred years, and to walk under these elms. By this gathering you have consecrated Stockbridge as — more than any other place; more than Windsor, where he was born; or Northampton, where he preached twenty years; or Princeton, where he died — the home of the Edwards family, and have given us a right henceforth to associate our quiet village with that immortal name.

But as, in the sentiment you have read, you refer not to him alone, but to others of the sainted dead, I may speak briefly of those who went before and who came after him. A hundred and forty years ago, this

was but a hamlet on the borders of the wilderness, — the seat of a small tribe of Indians. A few white men from the Connecticut Valley, venturing over the mountains, came down into this peaceful spot. When once they had formed a little settlement, their first want was a minister; and hither came, in answer to their call, JOHN SERGEANT, a tutor in Yale College; a man whose looks were those of the scholar, but who, like Eliot and Brainerd, willingly banished himself to the wilderness to preach the gospel to the children of the forest. His culture and refinement were not lost even upon them. They soon recognized in him a man of God, and sat at his feet; and when, after a ministry of fourteen years, he was borne to his rest in yonder graveyard, it was amid the weeping of the simple natives, who desired, when they should be buried, to be laid near him, that they might rise at his side at the resurrection. I have just been to his grave, and from the moss-grown stone which covers his dust have copied these words: —

"Here lyes the Body of the Rev. Mr. John Sergeant, who dyed the twenty-seventh day of July, 1749, in the fortieth year of his age.

"Where is that pleasing form, I ask? Thou canst not show:
He's not within, false stone! there's nought but dust below.
And where's that pious soul, that thinking, conscious mind?
Wilt thou pretend, vain cypher, that's with thee enshrined?
Alas! my friend's not here with thee, that I can find;
Here's not a Sergeant's body, nor a Sergeant's mind:
I'll seek him hence, for all's alike deceptive here;
I'll go to heaven, and I shall find my Sergeant there."

After Sergeant came the great man whom you are met to honor; and I repeat, it is a high satisfaction to

us, as well as to you, to have his name associated with a place so dear to us. Here he lived. The scenes which you look upon to-day were all familiar to his eye. He was an intense lover of Nature: and you can imagine how he revelled in the beauty of this spot; how he often climbed yonder hill to watch the slowly-descending sun, and wandered alone in the paths of the forest when the autumn leaves rustled beneath his tread. Here he spent six years, — the happiest of his life. Coming from the "strife of tongues" at Northampton, this was to him a valley of peace. The mountains were a barrier that shut out persecution; and we can imagine him often saying to himself, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him." Thus begirt and defended, he was set apart for a peculiar work. It seemed as if He who sent the apostle John to the Isle of Patmos had sent Edwards into the wilderness, that he might do a great work for his Church.

After Edwards came another who holds an honored place among the theologians of New England, — Dr. Stephen West. He came here a young man, and remained pastor of this church sixty years. The older people of this town remember him well as he appeared in the pulpit on Sunday, or as he went about the parish with his three-cornered hat and his gold-headed cane. Miss Sedgwick has often described him to me. He was a warm friend of her father, Judge Sedgwick; and never did a Monday morning pass that he did not come down the hill to pay him a visit. She described his appearance and his manners. He was small in person, but very neat in his attire, wearing the old-fashioned short-clothes fastened

with silver knee-buckles, and had the manners of a gentleman of the old school. She told how he entered the room, and how he bowed to the ladies, and how he bowed to the judge, and how he stroked his thin, silvery hair, and then sat down and began to converse.

But from these precise manners, which belonged to the time, you must not imagine that he was without intellectual force: on the contrary, he was all compact with mind and will. It is one of the traditions of Stockbridge, how, on the morning that news came of the battle of Lexington, the old man came down the hill with fire in his eye. It was the sabbath day; but that did not prevent the drum to beat. From all parts of the town, the minute-men gathered "in hot haste;" and, before the sun went down, a company had started for Bunker Hill.

But the chief force of Dr. West was as a theologian. Possessed of an acute mind, he bent all his thoughts to the solution of those great problems which had so long exercised the first intellects of New England, — of his predecessor Edwards, and of Samuel Hopkins, who lived in the neighboring town of Great Barrington. That West was no "light weight" in theology, is sufficiently shown by the fact that Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, himself the most acute reasoner of his day, regarded him as a formidable opponent. What he studied himself he taught to others. There were then no theological seminaries; but on yonder hill he had a school of the prophets, where he taught many who have since been distinguished in the pulpit, and through whom his voice still echoes in the churches of New England.

Of him who followed Stephen West in this pulpit I cannot speak, as I regard him with that mingled respect and tenderness, that love and veneration, which one can feel only towards a father. It is but three years since that that "good gray head" was laid beneath the dust. Yonder a granite obelisk marks the spot where he sleeps, on which is written, with what truth you know, —

"A Puritan of the Puritans.
Stern in principle, but gentle in heart,
His only aim was
To be good and to do good."

And such, I trust, is the highest ambition of his descendants.

Such is the past of Stockbridge, which answers to your sentiment, "Its record is on high." Of the present it does not become us to speak. Sometimes, when we have boasted of these great names, in terms, perhaps, going a little beyond the bounds of modesty, our kind friends of neighboring towns have checked our vanity by saying wittily, and perhaps justly, that "the best part of Stockbridge was under ground." Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter; though I trust the good is not *all* there. Yesterday, when we were listening to Pres. Hopkins as he stood upon the platform, there were many who marked the striking resemblance between that fine intellectual countenance and the portrait which hung upon the wall. Looking on these two faces, we felt that we might say with truth, that Stockbridge had a living son, — an original thinker too, — who was, at least, a worthy disciple of Jonathan Edwards.

But what need to make comparisons? If our fathers were greater and nobler than their sons, we at least may sit in the shadow of their mighty memories as we sit in the shadow of these mountains. We who are on the stage have no jealousies of those who have gone before us. The praises bestowed on the dead excite no envy in the breasts of the living. We are glad to have their virtues celebrated. Their goodness is to us a precious inheritance; their examples, a perpetual inspiration. It is something to live in the place made sacred by their presence, to breathe the hallowed air. It is thus that

> "The memory of the just
> Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

The prayers which have gone up like clouds of incense from this mountain-guarded valley, — the prayers of our fathers, — we cannot but feel, will bring blessings on their children. So may it prove! and for the rest, our highest wish for dear old Stockbridge is that the present and the future may be not unworthy of the former generations.

The chair announced the following sentiment, — "The friends and companions of Edwards in Berkshire," — which was responded to by Rev. Mr. Eggleston, late pastor of the church in Stockbridge.

ADDRESS BY MR. EGGLESTON.

Mr. President, — I have been puzzled not a little this morning, since your kind invitation was given me, to decide on what principle or for what reason I have been selected as one of the speakers on the

present occasion. I am neither an Edwards, nor have married an Edwards; and cannot claim, therefore, as Dr. Todd did yesterday for himself, a relationship to the family by having the Edwards blood running, if not in me, alongside of me. I have, indeed, had something to do with the erection of that memorial tablet in the church, as it has been my privilege and honor to stand for nine years in that pulpit as the successor of your honored ancestor: and possibly Darwin, on his principle of natural selection, might suggest, that as the elephant has got his trunk and become an elephant in the endeavor to stretch his nose to the ground, and the giraffe has gained his elongated neck and become a giraffe by continued and persevering effort to reach the branches of the trees above him; so my following after Edwards, and the effort to reach up to him and comprehend him, may have given me, at length, a sort of family relationship to him, — sufficient, at least, for the occasion.

Or is it that comprehensive spirit of which Prof. Park spoke as characterizing Pres. Edwards, which, ruling also in his descendants, has moved them to welcome me as one of them?

And yet I do remember one slender tie of connection with your honored family. It was my lot in boyhood to live in the near neighborhood of a grandson of Pres. Edwards, in the old ancestral city of your tribe, Hartford, and to have some of his children as my playmates.

Well, Mr. President, if I am not strictly an Edwards, and so cannot fitly speak of him whose memory you rightly come here to honor, it has seemed to me that I might, perhaps, place a not inappropriate fringe, or

border, around the great central theme of interest, by sketching the portraits of some of Edwards's friends and companions here. I have not time, however, to do this; for the cars are even now near which are to bear me away from this scene: yet, if ever one could consent to be left by the train, it would be when he would be left in such a company as this. But, were there time, I should like to speak of the two men especially who were the companions of Edwards when he was toiling here, seemingly hidden and alone in the wilderness. One of them was Samuel Hopkins, afterwards known as the Newport divine. Himself a pupil of Edwards at Northampton, he had been led to gather a little church among the few whites at Great Barrington, a few miles below us. On the death of Sergeant, first missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, which took place five or six years after Hopkins came to this region, the latter was invited by the Commissioners for Indian Affairs to become his successor. He declined the invitation, partly from a modest distrust of his own abilities, and partly in the hope that he might draw his beloved and revered instructor to his neighborhood. He accordingly recommended Edwards to the commissioners, and probably, also, to the young church at Stockbridge; for the latter invited him to become their pastor at the same time that he was solicited by the commissioners to become their missionary to the Indians. The double invitation was accepted; and henceforth, until Edwards left this place for Princeton, he and Hopkins were as brothers. Both men of the most entire devotion to the cause of the Redeemer, and given to the profoundest thought upon religious themes, they were

accustomed to confer together constantly about their plans and work. It is related, that on one occasion, on account of difficulty in submitting what he had written to Hopkins's criticism, Edwards ventured to publish something which had not passed under the eye of the former. After it was published, Hopkins pointed out what he deemed a mistake. Edwards at once acknowledged it to be such, and promised his friend, that, so long as the latter should live, he would never publish any thing without previously submitting it to his judgment.

Farther down this range of hills and valleys, fifty miles, more or less, in the little village of Bethlehem, Conn., was Bellamy, author of "True Religion Delineated." He had also been a pupil of Edwards at Northampton, but was now accepted as a friend and counsellor. It would be most interesting if we could reproduce the scenes in which this trio of worthies were engaged together; if we could see them as they made their way from time to time through the wilderness to visit one another, to borrow books, to revise one another's manuscripts, and hold their consultations concerning the highest themes which can engage the human mind. Their friendship, so sweet and ardent, and their consecrated devotion to what was best and holiest, recalls the later friendship of Drs. Beecher and Taylor. And so we read in the diary of Hopkins such passages as these: "This day being attended as a public fast, Mr. Bellamy preached for me all day. I believe there is not a better preacher in America, on all accounts." And again: "Mr. Bellamy came to my house last Tuesday, with whom I went to Stockbridge, and staid there

two nights and one day to hear Mr. Edwards read a 'Treatise upon the Last End of God in the Creation of the World.'"

These were Edwards's friends, and such was his society while he dwelt here. He was alone, yet not alone. And what a work was done by these companions and fellow-helpers in the gospel! What influences went out from them! They seemed to be shut off from the world. Their most important work was hidden from public observation. But they were great associated moral forces, which, however unnoticed at the time, were really moving the world. If there were time, it would be pleasant to trace the influences reaching out from these men, and working onward still through others. I might speak, for instance, of West, who has already been alluded to, the friend and neighbor of Hopkins, as he was also the follower of Edwards in spirit as well as in yonder pulpit. I might speak of the eminent men whom he trained for the ministry from time to time in his early theological seminary on that lovely hill-side now within our sight. Among these were Drs. Hyde and Catlin of our own county; Kirkland, afterwards president of Harvard; and Dr. Samuel Spring, to the latter of whom we are chiefly indebted for the origin of Andover Seminary, which most appropriately sends us to-day, therefore, one who is at the same time a lineal descendant of Edwards, and the chosen exponent in her halls of the Edwardean theology as inherited from Edwards, Hopkins, and West.

But I must forbear, and leave you.

The next sentiment from the chair was, "The

ministry of Berkshire County in the present and in the past, as illustrated by Rev. Dr. Hyde of Lee."

The Rev. Dr. Gale, as his successor, made the following response: —

REMARKS

BY DR. GALE.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Hearing of your family re-union, I have hastened home from a long journey to be with you to-day. If any ask by what law I presume to speak, I answer, By the law which Edwards taught, — of "love to being in general." Surely such love cannot fail to notice the company before me. Besides, there is an intimate connection between these parishes adjacent on the Housatonic River. Stockbridge people are my next-door neighbors. For seventeen years I have known them, and sympathized with them as with no other people except my own parish. The relation of the two parishes is shown by a time-honored custom of an annual exchange be-between their pastors the sabbath after Thanksgiving. This custom extends back to the days of Dr. West at least, and is to be continued. Scarcely any thing in the future is more certain than this exchange, whoever may be pastor in either parish.

Mr. President, I approve your meeting, and congratulate you upon its success. Mr. Webster has somewhere said, "They who care nothing for their ancestors will care nothing for their posterity." Is it not so? They who are such creatures of the present, are so engrossed with things seen, that they do

not call to mind the character and works of worthy ancestors, will have little regard for their descendants. But, with a due regard for what others have done for us, we shall feel a proper responsibility for the influence we transmit to posterity. Such a memorial-day as this cannot fail to be a healthy moral power to you and your children.

You have spoken, Mr. President, of the former pastors of Berkshire, and named Dr. Hyde of Lee, a servant of the Lord held in honor by us all. He, with Hopkins, West, Catlin, Shepard, Field, and others, "whose names are in the book of life," did much to perpetuate and extend the influence of Edwards in this beautiful "hill-country." These fathers have left their impress upon our churches and parishes. I have traced the moral power of my venerable predecessor upon three generations who now sit together at the communion-table. These pioneers in the ministry of Berkshire laid foundations that have remained to this day. Their influence is still seen in the freedom from religious error which distinguishes this county, and in the order and stability of these churches. By their sound teaching and holy living they are still among us, and will help us to solve the great question of our day, — how to wed the Puritan spirit with the advancing science and culture of the age. Since the fathers fell asleep, a change has come over the community. We cannot ignore this change. But there is an inspiration in the past to help us meet it, so that all good foundations shall remain. Be it ours to keep the truth which the fathers preached, and the Christian life they lived, in these churches, through all the changes incident to society in this age

of progress. Be assured I am with you in cherishing the memory of the Berkshire fathers in the ministry of Christ. They shall be held among us in "everlasting remembrance." So shall they live with the people of these hills and valleys in coming years.

"And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

The company then listened to the reading of an original poem by Rev. George T. Dole of Stockbridge.

POEM

BY REV. GEORGE T. DOLE OF STOCKBRIDGE.

Hail, loveliest of September's halcyon days,
Whose sun clear shining with auspicious rays
Lights to this ancient fane a pilgrim-band
Convened from every quarter of the land!
Hail ye by love and veneration led
For one long numbered with the silent dead,
But whose high fame still lives, and, sounding wide,
May well to all his offspring be a pride!

Most happy are we, gathered thus, to see
This multitude of his posterity, —
Such ample proofs, both general and specific,
The Edwards tree still flourishes prolific.
We welcome you our archives to explore,
And listen to traditionary lore
Of the old days, when your progenitor,
Divine, logician, deep philosopher,

Pitched 'mid the natives' wigwams here his tent,
And seven years' earnest ministration spent,
Proclaiming both to white men and to red
HIM who alike for all the nations bled;
Still studious searching the deep things of God
In paths profound which few so far had trod,
Brought up, if some mere dross, much precious ore,
To circulate and shine till Time's no more.

Wide open be our every heart and home
To all of Edwards lineage who come
A cordial hospitality to share,
Bestowed as freely as this mountain-air.
For if we neither bear that honored name,
Nor least infusion of his blood can claim,
Yet know we of his mind, his saintly heart,
And in his glory feel we share a part.
And long as *one* descendant here shall dwell
Of those who knew, and, knowing, loved him well;
Long as repose beneath yon locusts' shade,
In graves by Christian rites aye hallowed made,
His much-beloved Indian converts' bones,
(Alas! unmarked those graves by simplest stones;)
Nay, long as Housatonic's silver sheen
Inlaces these fair meadows' velvet green,
Or circling mountains lift their ramparts bold
As "round about Jerusalem" of old,—
So long may your illustrious ancestor
Here never lack a niche, an orator;
His name and fame, so well, so meekly won,
Go down, transmitted bright from sire to son.

And may we venture a few words to say
Of Edwardses in person here to-day?

Or is the eulogy the dead we give
Sole compliment we have for sons that live?
No: we *will* say you rank with noblest races:
That fact is clearly written on your faces.
In many a one most patent 'tis to see
High mental joined with moral dignity.
We even fancy, looking round, we trace
In the assembly here and there a face
In which the blended lineaments benign
Of *Jonathan* and his rare *Sarah* shine.

But peradventure (pardon us) of puff
Your ears, your hearts, already have enough.
Remember then, your glory bright to blur,
In your emblazoned 'scutcheon sticks *one Burr.*
In earthly waters, purest and most clear,
Some turbid spots will now and then appear;
And *every* stream from *mountain*-height that flows
Sinks *far* below the level whence it rose:
So, tracing forward your proud pedigree,
'Tis a descent, indeed, we plainly see!
Tall, doubtless, you may be in Church and State,
But not the peers of JONATHAN THE GREAT.

Ask you the proofs of this degeneracy?
Suffice it now to mention only three.
First, with the *moral* aspect to begin,
Behold the striking contrast as to sin!
To sin "original" *he* gave *speculation;*
To "*actual*," *you* a larger illustration:
Of Adam's you perhaps acknowledge less;
More of your own, no doubt, you will confess.

Then, as to depth and power of intellect,
Some simple "straws will show," as we suspect,
If only rightly seen and apprehended,
How *very* fast and far you have descended!
This fact then, surely, little doubt allows:
Those of you who keep cattle *know* your cows;
And, if some neighbor's boy perchance should come
And help to fetch the kine at evening home,
You'd hardly ask, unless in mirth to quiz,
Twice the same fifteen minutes who he is:
All which shows plainly to your mental cost
Your patriarch's wonderful abstraction lost.
Lastly, 'tis probable, to say the least,
If called by chance to saddle your own beast,
There's not a man among you all would fail
To put the appended crupper *toward* the tail:
Not so when *he* once to that task did stoop;
He found perplexed a most mysterious loop,
And vainly sought its systematic place,
Or "end of its creation," there to trace:
He saw 'twas all unfit for girt or tether,
Styled "a piece of quite superfluous leather,"
And o'er the neck proceeded it to throw,
Dangling from what he took for saddle-bow!
"Therefore," 'tis clear, we called you, not at random,
Degenerate sons, — *quod erat demonstrandum.*

The chair, in conclusion, gave, "Berkshire County, — distinguished alike for the magnificence of her scenery, the culture of her sons, the loveliness of her daughters, and the hospitality of her people." To which David Dudley Field, LL.D., responded as follows: —

ADDRESS

OF DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Your chairman asks me to respond to the toast in honor of Berkshire, its scenery, its hospitality, its men and women. This is a summons which I cannot disobey, however unworthily I may fulfil the duty. Here is Berkshire; and the least that any one can say of it is, that you may go farther, and fare worse. You may go to the farthest east or to the farthest west without finding any thing fairer; nay, I am tempted to add, without finding any thing so fair. We have not indeed the grand scenery of the Alps, nor the broad features of our Pacific dominion; but we have scenery soft, and yet wild, of mountain and valley in infinite variety, and so bathed in sunlight and shadow as to give us from morning to night an ever-shifting landscape. You may come with the apple-blossoms, when the trees are white as if sprinkled with perfumed snow; you may come in June, when the dawn is musical with birds, and in the long receding twilight there falls upon the earth a peace like the peace of God; you may come in the summer noon, when the sun's heat, tempered by mountain-air, falls softly upon meadow and river; you may come in mid-October, when the woods are green and red and gold; you may come in winter, when the whole earth is dazzling white, and the branches of the trees are silvered with ice, and when a purple light foreruns the sun at morning, and pursues him at evening; you may come and abide at any of these seasons, and you will say with me, that, of all the beautiful places you have known, this is the most

perfect in beauty. Along the east lies the Hoosac chain, separating us from the Valley of the Connecticut; on the west the Taconic ridge, dividing us from New York; north and south are the two giants, Graylock and the Dome, the highest mountains of Massachusetts, standing like sentinels at either end of the valley; while two rivers, the Housatonic and the Hoosac, springing from the same green hillside, flow, one of them southward and the other northward, now lingering and winding in the meadows as if loath to leave them, and then, as if remembering that they had work to do, dashing on over stone and pebble and shining sand; while the intervening hills stand as Bryant described them when he said,

> "I stand upon my native hills again,
> Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
> With garniture of waving grass and grain,
> Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie."

Of the hospitality of Berkshire, though you have asked me to speak, I ought, perhaps, to say no more than that we are ever glad to see our friends: we bid them a hearty welcome, and we give them the best we have. Here are our homes; they are as open as our hearts: come and occupy the one as you fill the other.

Of the women of Berkshire, what can I say worthy of them? From the time when Sergeant, the first missionary, came here with his accomplished wife, and Edwards followed with Sarah Pierrepont, whose sweet face, shining from her portrait, has smiled upon your festival, down to the present hour, these hills and valleys have been graced by cultivated, true-hearted,

and self-sacrificing women. Our lips ever utter their praises, our hearts ever bow down before them. God bless them every one!

Of the men of Berkshire, I will confine myself to the past generations. The present must answer by their works. Two incidents, one connected with civil and the other with military life, will illustrate the characters of the men who lived here before us. When the Declaration of Independence was made public, it was read in the churches. At the reading in Sheffield, a poor negro girl, a slave, was present. She heard it, and said, "It stands to reason that I am free." She sought Mr. Sedgwick, afterwards Judge Sedgwick, then a young lawyer; and he brought a suit to establish her freedom. The court adjudged her to be free. Here was an instance, and the first, where that famous declaration was held to mean what it said. The other incident relates to the fighting parson of Pittsfield, who, when Burgoyne was coming down upon New York and Vermont, marched with the militia of his congregation, and, arriving at Bennington just in time to join in the battle, leaped upon a rock, saying to the man behind him, "You load, and I'll fire!" Seeing a flash from a bush in the enemy's lines followed by the fall of one of our men, he aimed at the bush, and, according to his own expression, "put out the flash."

Such was the past. The future of Berkshire it is not difficult to predict. These broad meadows, these green hillsides, will yet be covered with the abodes of wealth and luxury; but there will never be, in all the ages, happier homes or sturdier freemen than are now here, nor a gathering of men and women

more enjoyed, and longer to be remembered, than that the close of which we now celebrate.

The doxology was then sung, and a benediction was pronounced by Prof. Edwards A. Park. Thus were concluded the interesting exercises of the Edwards Re-union.

EDWARDS FAMILY.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, son of Mrs. Ann Edwards (whose first husband is believed to have been Rev Richard Edwards, D.D., of London), was born in London, Eng. She married James Cole after the death of her first husband, who, together with her son William, then a young man, came to this country, and settled in Hartford, Conn. He married Agnes Spencer about 1645. Their only child was Richard, born May, 1647.

RICHARD, son of William and Agnes, married Elizabeth Tuttle of New Haven, and afterwards Mary Talcott of Hartford. He died April 20, 1718, in his 71st year. Had eight children by Elizabeth Tuttle, and six by Mary Talcott.

TIMOTHY, son of Richard and Elizabeth Tuttle, married Esther Stoddard of Northampton, Mass., Nov. 6, 1694. Graduated at Harvard in 1691; and was settled as pastor in East Windsor, Conn., 1694. They had ten daughters and one son. He died Jan. 27, 1758, at the age of 89 years. His wife died Jan. 19, 1770, aged 98.

JONATHAN, son of Timothy and Esther Stoddard, was born Oct. 5, 1703. Graduated at Yale College in 1720. Was colleague-pastor with his grandfather, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, at Northampton. Married SARAH PIERREPONT of New Haven, July 28, 1727. Died at Princeton, N. J., of small-pox, March 22, 1758, in his 55th year. His widow died at Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1758, aged 49.

Their children were,—

SARAH, born Aug. 25, 1728. Married Elihu Parsons of Northampton. Died May 15, 1805, aged 76.

JERUSHA, born April 26, 1730. Was betrothed to David Brainerd, the missionary; and died soon after him, — Feb. 14, 1747.

ESTHER, born Feb. 13, 1732. Married Rev. Aaron Burr, President of New-Jersey College. Was mother of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States. Died Feb. 7, 1758, aged 26.

MARY, born April 4, 1734 Married Timothy Dwight of Northampton; and their son Timothy was President of Yale College. Died Feb. 7, 1807, aged 72.

LUCY, born Aug 31, 1736. Married Jahleel Woodbridge of Stockbridge. Died October, 1786, aged 50.

TIMOTHY, born July 25, 1738 Married Rhoda Ogden of New Jersey. Died at Stockbridge, 1813, aged 75.

SUSANNAH, born June 20, 1740 Married Eleazar Porter of Hadley. Died 1802, aged 61.

EUNICE, born May 9, 1743. Married —— Hunt of New Jersey, and Thomas Pollock of North Carolina. Died in 1822, aged 79.

JONATHAN, born May 26, 1745. Married Mary Porter of Hadley, and Mercy Sabin of New Haven. Died Aug. 1, 1801, aged 56.

ELIZABETH, born May 6, 1747. Died Jan 1, 1762, aged 14

PIERREPONT, born April 8, 1750. Married Frances Ogden. Was Judge of United-States District Court for Connecticut. Died April 14, 1826, aged 76.